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THE BYSTANDER, SEPTEMBER 4, 1935.

The BYSTANDER

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The Bystander, September 4, 1935

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The BYSTANDER

GRACE MOORE AND HER NEW SCREEN LOVER

Grace Moore's second film, "On Wings of Song," had a grand opening at the Tivoli on Monday, and if it's not as great a success as her first, the prophets can all go out of business. Leo Carrillo is her new partner in romance, as a gambler and café proprietor who gives the ex-rich socialite with the lovely voice a chance, first in cabaret and then in opera. Then, after an exciting gangster interlude, he marries her. Advance reports on the acting, the story, the production (Victor Schertzinger directs again) are all excellent, and Grace Moore looks as lovely and sings as beautifully as ever

CELEBRITIES in CAMEO

No. 118

Sir John Lavery

Potted by Charles Gay
Caricatured by Sirra

Sir John Lavery has never had a birthday in his seventy-nine years. That is to say, he has never known when it was. For birth registrations in Belfast in 1856 were non-existent. All that he knows is that he was baptised in March of that year—the same in which Bernard Shaw was born of Methodist parents in Dublin—he himself being the son of a Roman Catholic public-house keeper, who was drowned while Sir John himself was only two years of age.

It was his uncle who brought him up and took him at the age of ten to Glasgow. Here the future Royal Academician determined to be a jockey—after all, he had good hands. His uncle was equally determined that he should be a priest. The compromise was that he should turn painter. After some years at the local art school, followed by others at Hetherly's, in London, he went to Paris. But he soon became tired of painting nudes in hot studios, and departed to Fontainebleau.

The picture that made him was "A Tennis Party," painted in 1882 when lawn tennis was still in its earliest stages. The picture that confirmed him was his portrait of Queen Victoria, commissioned by the Glasgow Corporation, and surrounded by two hundred notabilities, each of whom sat for their likeness, with the result that it took two years to complete.

As a young man, an Irishman, and a rebel, Sir John Lavery was Whistler's jackall, and to change the metaphor, a very real thorn in the flesh of the Royal Academy. Still, in his time he has painted royalties of every country, and his portraits hang in every important gallery in Europe. Small, industrious, quiet, side-whiskered, and twice a widower, Sir John Lavery never leaves London if he can help it. Health and occupation are all that he asks of life. When painting women he would sooner paint men, and vice versa. The sitter who gave him the greatest enjoyment was Lord Lonsdale. The two things of which he is most proud are that a two year old—Gainsborough out of Valencia Bay—has been named after him and won first time out at Sandown recently; and that, though a Roman Catholic, he was given the freedom of Belfast, his native city.

By the way, and thanks to the portrait of his lovely wife, Hazel, who died recently, on the Irish Free State paper currency, pound notes are frequently and locally known as Laveries. Lady Lavery herself was almost entirely responsible for the signing of the Irish Peace Treaty, which was duly celebrated the next night at 5, Cromwell Place (where her husband still lives) by Birkenhead, Winston Churchill, Griffiths, Collins, and the other leading signatories.

To-day Sir John plays golf keenly but indifferently at Ranelagh, wears crêpe-soled shoes so as to be able to move noiselessly when at work (which is almost always), admits to a shocking memory for faces, admires Rembrandt above all other painters, and still keeps that pleasant quiet Irish brogue with which he left Belfast nearly three quarters of a century ago.

Yevonde

LADY ALICE MONTAGU-DOUGLAS-SCOTT

A Royal engagement is the most popular kind of news, and all the more so when anyone as charming and attractive as Lady Alice Scott is one of the "principals." Her engagement to the Duke of Gloucester, the King's third son, was announced last Friday, almost exactly a year after the Duke and Duchess of Kent became engaged. Lady Alice Scott is the third of the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch's five daughters, is just over a year younger than the Duke of Gloucester, rides well like the rest of her family, and is as artistic as she is "outdoor"

Left: Frances Day made a trip to Deauville for a few days, and wore real seaside clothes —beret, sweater and corduroy trousers. She was back in time for the first night of the new Palladium show last week

Right: Lady Doria Childe and Miss Molly Bishop are talking to Mr. Simon Backhaus, the polo player, whose team has been featuring in Deauville games

Below: Mr. Cecil Latta in his striped coat, and Miss Anne Marie Blocq, in her check "romper" suit, put a little colour into the morning plage parade

Frances Day as a Beach Girl

"Good morning. How Are You?"

The End of the Deauville Season

Last Views Before the Crowds Departed

These three are the Hon. Jack Stern, who is Lord Michelham's brother, and Mr. and Mrs. Edward Holstins

Below: Prince Aly Khan and Mr. Waddington have a determinedly "constitutional" look compared to the usual plage strollers

Well, This Is One Aspect of Deauville

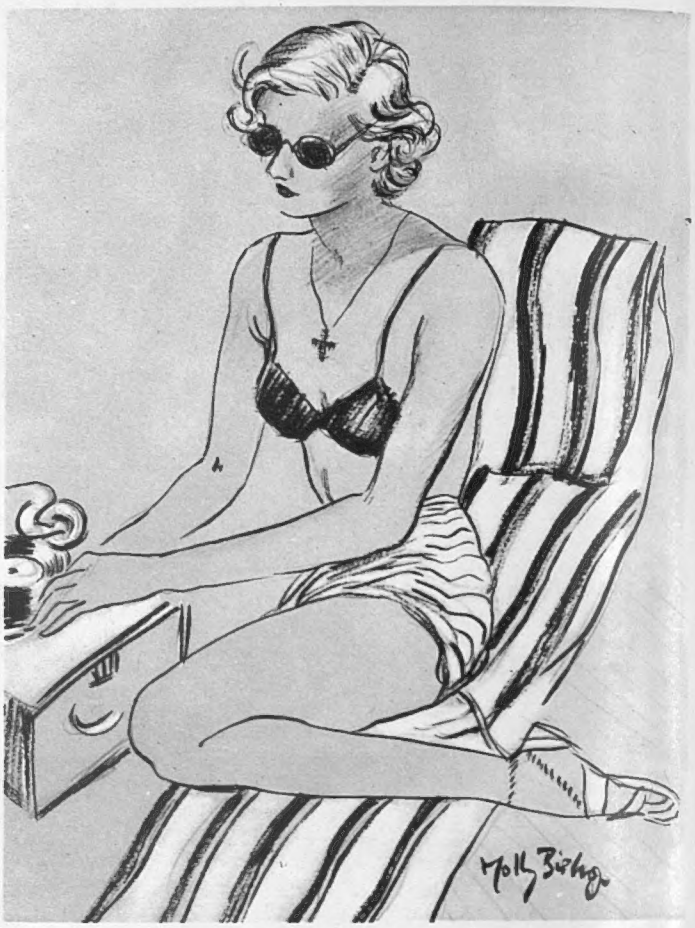
Cut out the racing, the casino, the polo, and what's left of Deauville? Just this: a nice seaside resort with lots and lots of people walking up and down "the front," just like they do in England. It's lucky they don't worry about the sea, because at low tide it's a long, long way off. As for the lady on the right—well, she led a tame boar around and that is something you don't see in England

Deauville and Cornwall

Faces Seen By Molly Bishop

Mrs. John Taylor

Was sketched in the casino at Deauville. One of the numerous burglaries of this summer's season had her villa there as its setting; she and her guests unluckily lost about £200 worth of jewellery and money



Miss Peta Davis

Peta Davis was cruising off Cornwall on her motor yacht, Peta, when this sunbathing sketch with a gramophone accompaniment was made. She is going to Budapest this month

M. Henri Coutourier

Has been playing polo at Deauville during the season. He was a member of the late Prince Alex Mdivani's team, Les Diables

Mr. Berry Wall

Is a well-known Deauville personality; he was sketched on board Lord Michelham's yacht Atlantis

GOING OUT to GOINGS-ON

The "Bystander" in Society

ANY wet days that we have had lately have always been during the week-end, and when we went all the way to Cornwall for two days' holiday, it seemed a bit hard that we should arrive in drenching rain on Saturday.

A Divine Time Altogether

WE left Paddington at midnight on Friday, co-travellers including Mrs. Dudley-Ward and Douglas Fairbanks, Junr. It 's the most comfortable journey imaginable, and you can dine late in London, sleep better than in bed and arrive in time for breakfast down there.

Carlyon Bay, where we stayed, has a Riviera-ish atmosphere, in addition to lots of simple life allure. You can wear a bathing dress or shorts all day long, play golf, tennis or squash, bathe in the open-air pool at the club, which, although it is sea-water, is several degrees warmer than the sea ; explore local fishing villages, and have a divine time altogether.

A Bathing Film Star

CARLYON consists of one large hotel (called St. Austell) and a few scattered little bungalows, some of which belong to the hotel, service and food being provided for guests who prefer a bungalow life. Miss Gertrude Lawrence and her daughter, Pamela, have been occupying one for some time ; Mrs. Dudley Ward and the lovely Penelope another. We saw the latter lunching in the hotel in brick-coloured pyjamas, and bathing in the pool in an aquamarine suit.

Oh, To Be a Star!

RAIN or no rain, we went out in the lifeboat at Fowey with Gee Lawrence and Douglas Fairbanks, and have never been wetter or enjoyed anything more. What it is to be a star ! We left a deserted, drizzling quay, and when we returned an hour later, the entire Cornish population were out waving their autograph books. Rodney Soher's yacht was in the harbour there, but he was apparently not aboard.

Recuperating Mannequins

THOSE two charming sisters, Vi and Betty Homan, are down at St. Austell, laying up a store of strength for the autumn season. The Marquis de Casa Maury was another Mayfairite we caught sight of, and little Valerie Courtney, the debutante step-daughter of the Air-Vice-Marshal.

A Terrific Charity Gala

SOMERSET at this time of year attracts the polo and tennis hearties, and we hear that Minehead and the surrounding district has been having a great season. The Gerald Lysaghts had a big party for the Minehead and Burnham tennis tournaments — Lord Pollington, among others, and Cam Malfrey, the New Zealand Davis Cup player. They had a terrific charity gala in the grounds one night, attended by 4000 people (can our informant have put in one "o" too many ?).

Engagement

Mrs. John Bailey (Diana Churchill that was) and Mr. Duncan Sandys announced their engagement last week. He is the M.P. for Norwood, son of Capt. George Sandys and Mrs. Frederick Lister, and she is Mr. and Mrs. Winston Churchill's eldest daughter

Leslie Howard Provides a Thrill

THE "county" and others were intrigued by a beauty parade judged by Godfrey Winn and Lady Prudence Jellicoe, and a putting competition arranged by Mr. Cyril Tolley, who has become a tennis enthusiast. There was also a cabaret with Leonard Henry as a star turn—his rather startling stories being an enormous success with even the most pompous old ladies (charity covers a multitude of inhibitions !). The great thrill of the evening was the unexpected arrival of Leslie Howard with a party of friends. He has been staying at Minehead, and playing polo at Dunster.

The Bars Would Have Suffered

YOU would somehow scarcely expect to see Mr. Noel Coward and Mr. Jack Wilson at a Palladium first-night, but there they were on Monday night, apparently enjoying the typical music-hall revue enormously. We liked especially the speed and colour of the Mexican scene and the amazing dancing of four coloured gentlemen, the Flash Devils.

If Sheila Barrett, described as America's foremost impressionist, had appeared *before* the interval, I think the bars would have suffered. Her imitation of a tight lady is so clever and realistic, it 's quite frightening.

Lord and Lady Suffolk were at this première, and were dining at Prunier's before the show. You remember her as Mimi Crawford. Actresses when they marry, retire very thoroughly from the public eye.

Cannes Calling

A FRENCH newspaper writing about the Maurice Chevalier gala mentions Lord Louis Mountbatten and Lord and Lady "Mulford Heaven" among those present !

Cannes is apparently very gay, galas galore, and perpetual parties. We hear

Film Faces at a Film First Night

Ramon Novarro and his sister went together to see the première of "Peg of Old Drury." He is going to appear on the London stage while he 's here, in a musical play called "Royal Exchange"

Here are Herbert Wilcox and Anna Neagle arriving together. He 's made a grand job of the film as director, and Anna Neagle as heroine-Peg, has got herself very near the top of the film tree

GOING OUT to GOINGS-ON (Continued)

of Mrs. Simon Marks' white linen trousers, of Mrs. Archie Campbell leaving for Freiburg, of Mrs. Charles Cartwright in a large white car, of Lord Alington staying at Miss Maxine Elliott's villa; Lord Portarlington in a brand-new Rolls, this one being entirely panelled inside in white wood; Mr. Michael Arlen and his very pretty wife with the enviable Christian name of Atalanta.

Piping in a Riviera Garden

WHEN Mrs. Reggie Fellowes dashed to her husband's sick bed, she lent her yacht to the Prince of Wales, who went off to St. Tropez in it. As well as his valet, his chauffeur, and a dog, H.R.H. took his own piper out to Cannes, who piped in the garden of Le Roc every morning and evening. An unusual touch in such a setting.

The Colin Buists succeeded Lord and Lady Brownlow as guests at the villa.

Before she left for America, Miss Grace Moore gave a divine party at her villa, Casa Lauretta, Mr. Geoffrey Toye, who was responsible for her appearance in London last season, being among those present.

A Permit to Dine

THE only night place that is doing any real business is "Paradise," the club inside the Palm Beach Casino, that changes its name every year, but is really always the same. It has no roof, and the décor is quite meaningless, but the entrance is amusing. There is a bogus lift that does not move an inch, but much button-pressing and lever moving by a boy in uniform leads you to believe that you are being whisked up to Paradise or down to warmer regions.

Picnics on the islands are still popular, but ski-ing on the water is ousting the once popular planking. To dine on one of the islands at night you have to get a special permit, but it can be done, and Peter Stewart has sent us a graphic description of moonlit mountains looking like a Chinese landscape.

The Viceroy-Elect and His Wife and Daughter

A new snapshot of Lord Linlithgow, the Viceroy of India-to-be, taken at Hopetoun House, his home in Linlithgowshire, with Lady Linlithgow and his eldest daughter, Lady Anne Hope, who is twenty-one this year. Lady Linlithgow will be very much missed both in Scotland and in London when she goes East; she is a great worker for all the various causes and charities in which she is interested, as well as a leading hostess in the social world

A Sock on the Jaw

We have very little news from Biarritz, except the yarn about the well-known Englishman being socked on the jaw by a very well-known foreigner (both titled, if you care for that), and all over a dreary argument about Captain Kane! Even the Mayor of the town was called in to restore peace in the casino. These blood-in-the-shoe riots are becoming everyday events.

A Political Star

AFTER all the nauseating write-ups about "every mother's son, etc.," it was a relief to meet Ramon Novarro in the flesh at the Savoy the other night. Unless it is a case of publicity at any price we cannot see why the poor stars should be made to utter such futile remarks about themselves.

Mr. Anthony Eden was the star we saw that night, anyway. Miriam Jordan, whom we remember as Miss England some years ago, was another. In those days she wore her hair in earphone plaits over her ears, now it is longer, fairer, not "done" in any sense of the word, and suits her divinely. Lady Poulett, with her "oriel" of golden hair (Ugh!) was also there that night, and the Patsy Richardsons—who are off to America. They have been house-moving, and have crossed Regent's Park in almost a straight line from Hanover to Cumberland Gate. Their new abode belonged formerly to the Claude Leighs, and one of the first alterations Mrs. Richardson made (being American) was to instal five bathrooms.

Burglars Like "Quies"

WHILE honest fools are losing their money in the casino, burglars are having a grand time at Deauville. They, he, or she, got into Mrs. John Taylor's villa and took money, cigarette cases, handbags and everything they could lay their hands on, most of the stuff being uninsured. Several members of the household, tired out with late nights, had put "Quies" in their ears to insure being undisturbed, which helped the thieves a lot! A large sum of money was taken from Mr. Sydney Emanuel's hotel bedroom, and an unknown woman has lost £13,000 worth of jewellery.

New hair shades at Deauville include raspberry pink, Mlle. Marcelle Rogez being one of the first to adopt it. Clad in a bright purple dress, she was a sensation at the races, and no wonder! This pink shade is said to be a new photographic discovery for film purposes. Others of quieter appearance who have been seen lately are Miss Fanny Ward, Mrs. Richard Norton, Lady Doria Childe and the Brinsley Plunkets.

Lament

NEWS of the tragic death of pretty Miss Grace last Sunday was a great shock and caused much sadness in Mayfair.

Norah Grace, a niece of the Countess of Donoughmore, belonged to a family with extensive shipping interests, and was one of the most popular American girls in London last season. She shared the Metcalfe's house in Cowley Street with Miss Jane Sanford and Mrs. Forrestal for several months.

MISS PEEPS

The Hon. Mrs. Drogo Montagu takes her wearable shade in small quantities; Mrs. O'Malley Keyes likes plenty of sun-protection. Mrs. Montagu's father, Lord Beaverbrook, paid Biarritz a brief visit

Drinks Before Lunch

The Maharajah of Rajpipla, for once not working his cine-camera, is with Mr. and Mrs. Jimmy Ford and Miss Sheila Roche. Mrs. Ford is Russian, and was Princess Marie Bariatinsky

Between Bathes

Nearly a Dozen Biarritz Beachcombers

A South American Trio

French and English

Above right: Prince Charles d'Arenberg went on to Biarritz from Cannes; Major Roy Glen is a resident. He has been a soldier and a diplomat, and was on the Abyssinian Commission of 1925, so people ask his opinion of the situation out there pretty frequently

Above: Miss Dolly La Fuente, who is Peruvian, is with Miss Elena German-Ribon and her brother John, who are Bolivian, but have lived in London most of their lives. They are staying with their uncle, the Marquis d'Arcanques, at his château

Right: a view of the piscine and the terrace where one sits for cocktails, cigarettes and conversation before and after bathing

HARDWICKE, AFTER GARRICK AFTER SHYLOCK

Cedric Hardwicke's performance in "Peg of Old Drury" (now at the Leicester Square Theatre) is one of his finest screen achievements—an amazing bit of quadruple acting. He plays David Garrick to Anna Neagle's Peg Woffington, and has to include in his characterisation not only Garrick himself, but the great man's impersonations of Shylock, Richard III. and Abel Drugger. It is a real actor's part, and Cedric Hardwicke plays it brilliantly; and, plus that, his dignity and restraint make him the perfect opposite for the wayward, vivacious Anna Neagle. The whole film is a highlight of British production, and director Herbert Wilcox has nothing to learn from his Hollywood rivals

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By "The Bystanders"

EVER since our old friend and master, James (" Boss ") Agate, discovered Southend, and introduced it lyrically to the world, which is some months ago now, we have been looking in vain for some sort of grateful, confused acknowledgment on the part of Southend. That municipality doesn't seem to have made much use of its recent Carnival Week, which ought to have provided an ideal chance. We weren't there, but we followed the festal doings very closely in the papers day by day. hoping to find that Boss Agate was not only the cynosure and king-pin of Southend Carnival Week, but that he had swept away all the prizes as well. For example :

Dancing (solo) : First prize, James (" Boss ") Agate.
Dancing (best couple) : First prize, James (" Boss ") Agate.
Swimming gala : First prize, James (" Boss ") Agate.
Best-Decorated Motor Van : First prize, James (" Boss ") Agate.
Beauty Competition : First prize, James (" Boss ") Agate.
Tiny Tot's Parade : First prize, James (" Boss ") Agate.
Floral Pageant : First Prize, James (" Boss ") Agate, (cleverly disguised as a basket of hydrangeas)—

and so forth, But no. The Boss wasn't even playing the big drum at the final drumhead service at Chalkwell Park. Disappointed and hurt, we 've been making enquiries. We gather that certain citizens of Southend really wanted to give Boss Agate a Roman triumph, escorting him through the streets enthroned in a gilded chariot, with councillors bound to his wheels and the firemen's band in front. They had further toyed with the idea of staging Roman games, with wild beasts and gladiators and a lot of Southend's virgins tied to stakes. The Boss, crowned with roses, was to have sat up high in the Imperial Box, surveying the scene through an agate lorgnette and turning up his thumb at the critical moment. Alas ! The Boss's natural modesty and hatred of egottism revolted at this apotheosis. He said frankly to the deputation of citizens, " I am not worthy." Then, like Voltaire, he burst into tears and cried madly, " You wish, then, to kill me with honours ? " The deputation then withdrew, foiled.

" Shall we be smiling in this one, Sir ? "

Upsadaisy !

THE gentleman of Chateauneuf, near Cognac, who committed suicide the other day by lying comfortably in bed and blowing himself up with dynamite, must have been reading an entrancing little illustrated manual on one hundred ways of suicide which we discovered in Paris a few years ago, and unfortunately lost. The witty but painstaking author—we forget his name—had thought of nearly everything (putting oneself through a mangle was one way, we remember), but he didn't think of dynamite in bed. Obviously one ought to wear a smoking-cap with a tassel, and a brace of grouse ought to be sitting on the bedrail.

We once suggested a good way to a rather priggish person in Kensington, who wanted to make away with himself—very properly, we thought—but shrank from anything coarse, vulgar, or precipitate. We suggested his getting a lot of trained rats to bite his toe-nails regularly as he lay in bed. In the end this would make him highly neurotic, and he would spill things at breakfast. This would ultimately annoy his wife, what amounted to high words would ensue, and the shameful news would come to the ears of his wife's people, who were of some social position and knew a man who knew Jardine. Ultimately her father would get Jardine to the house while a domestic scene over spilling coffee was in progress. Jardine wouldn't say anything, but the terrible expression in the eyes of the great cricketer would cause the suicide-candidate to rise from the table and walk tremblingly backwards to the window, mumbling vague apologies. The window would have been left open and a smart parlour-maid named Wilkinson, standing ready, would push him deftly into the area. This idea seems to us to have no flaws in it whatsoever.

Too, too Disturbing

THREE whole days in Hamburg seemed to have played the devil with Beverley Nichols. The little enemy of horrid war and friend of all the flowers has now gone completely pro-Nazi, we observe. The Hitler-Goering boys are dear, dear persons, so charming, and *so* good-looking ! There 's no cruelty or oppression in Germany. Ninety per cent. of the inhabiants simply worship that marvellous Hitler man, and if you have any love in your heart you will adore the Nazi régime as much as Mr. Nichols adores one of the rosebuds which whisper so shyly to him in his garden—about which you may have heard. In other words, the boy has gone so wholeheartedly Nazi for the moment, that if we were one of his idolised flowers, we

should be pouting at him at this very moment, jealous, puzzled, and rather wounded. We read of his new enthusiasm with our eyes and lips parted in frightened pleasure, like Dorian Grey, the red candleshades staining to a richer rose the wakening wonder of our face. It 's perfect agony, really. What are the larkspurs and gladioli saying, and how is the herbaceous border bearing up ?

There 's only one ray of light in this dark business for us. The young Nazis *are* so handsome.

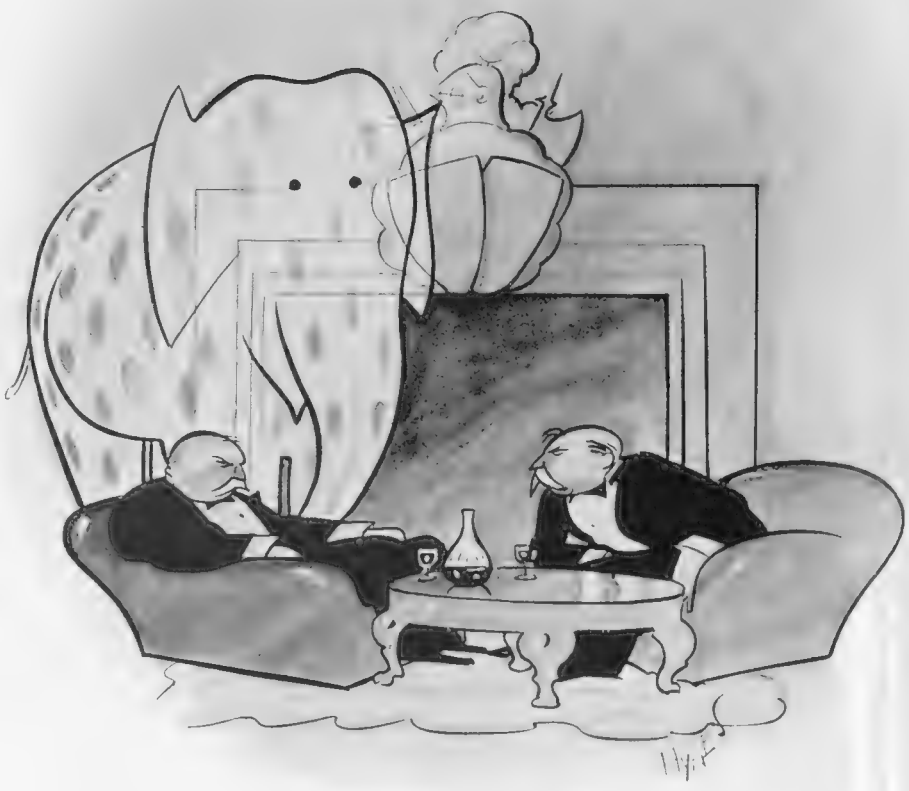
Serenade in Damascus

TALKING of excitements, a man told us the other day the story of an eminent British Elder Statesman's exit from Damascus in 1926, a comic strip which never got into our newspapers, for some reason.

Concluding his tour of the New Palestine—and the full extent of that romantic legacy to this country has yet to be appreciated, we hear from British travellers who 've had the surprise of their life from the Communists there—the Elder Statesman was alarmed to perceive a mob of Arabs bitterly buzzing stones at the windows of his Damascus hotel. He therefore got under the table (so our eye-witness swears). While he was there, General Weygand strode into the room, short and furious. " I am the High Commissioner of Syria ! " barked Weygand. " You are a tourist. You are making trouble. You 'll have to go ! " The Arabs kept buzzing stones with great regularity, the Elder Statesman grew more and more uncomfortable, and Weygand more and more peremptory. At length the Elder Statesman crawled out from under the table, and they got him away in a fast car. If this bit of engaging farce isn't worth preserving among the dull pomposities of official history, we'll eat our hat and hymnbook.

Pretty Dumb Good

BOUQUET this week for Lord Northbourne, who remarked at a summer school of pedagogy in Kent that people talked far too much and that he was " rash enough to envisage a course in future for silence-training." The increasing jabber of the world must sound to anyone up in the stratosphere like the screaming and whickering of a bagful of apes, and a time seems to be coming when all sane people will have to fall back on signs in place of speech. We 've been working on a tentative system of our own for some time. It 's rather like the Chinese fan language—every little gesture means a lot. For example, to lay the index finger of the left hand on the tip of the right ear and rub it gently twice, means, " I do think a good Liebfraumilch Nibelungen Wotansberg Träumerei Gewurtzheimer-Whonung Auslese, 1925, is slightly more *static* in bouquet than a Fursteiner Franciskanergarten Riesling Feine Auslese, Johann Strauss, 1921, don't you ? " Similarly, the right thumb slightly flexed and placed athwart the knuckle of the left forefinger (or touching an old cockatoo) means, " Damn you, sir, I 'm a Britisher, my people are Britishers, my old guv'nor was in the Service before me, and I 'm damned if the Old Country 's stuck in the mud yet, damn you ! "



" Notice anything, Philpot ? "

Once the simple essential principles are grasped, this system will obviate quite a lot of unnecessary words, locutions, and parts of speech, reducing the vain unending babble and chatter of the fools by an appreciable amount daily.

" Thanks—that 's mighty white of you "

Sleuths

THE inhabitants of Essen are to be prohibited in future from having crime novels issued to them at the municipal libraries. It doesn't seem to us a terrible loss. Crime novels are getting rather ingenious and tiresome,

don't you think? Practically everybody has written one by now, except General Booth, and we shouldn't wonder if she had a half-finished manuscript hidden under a tambourine somewhere. When we feel like a crime story nowadays, we go back to the sources, to Poe and Gaboriau and Gaston Leroux. We find them better than most.

The three best amateur detectives thrown up by the modern vogue are undoubtedly A. E. W. Mason's Hanaud, Chesterton's Father Brown, and E. C. Bentley's Trent. In the matter of S. S. Van Dine's well-known Philo Vance, an American thinker summed up a large number of people's feelings pretty thoroughly a little time ago in the poignant verse—

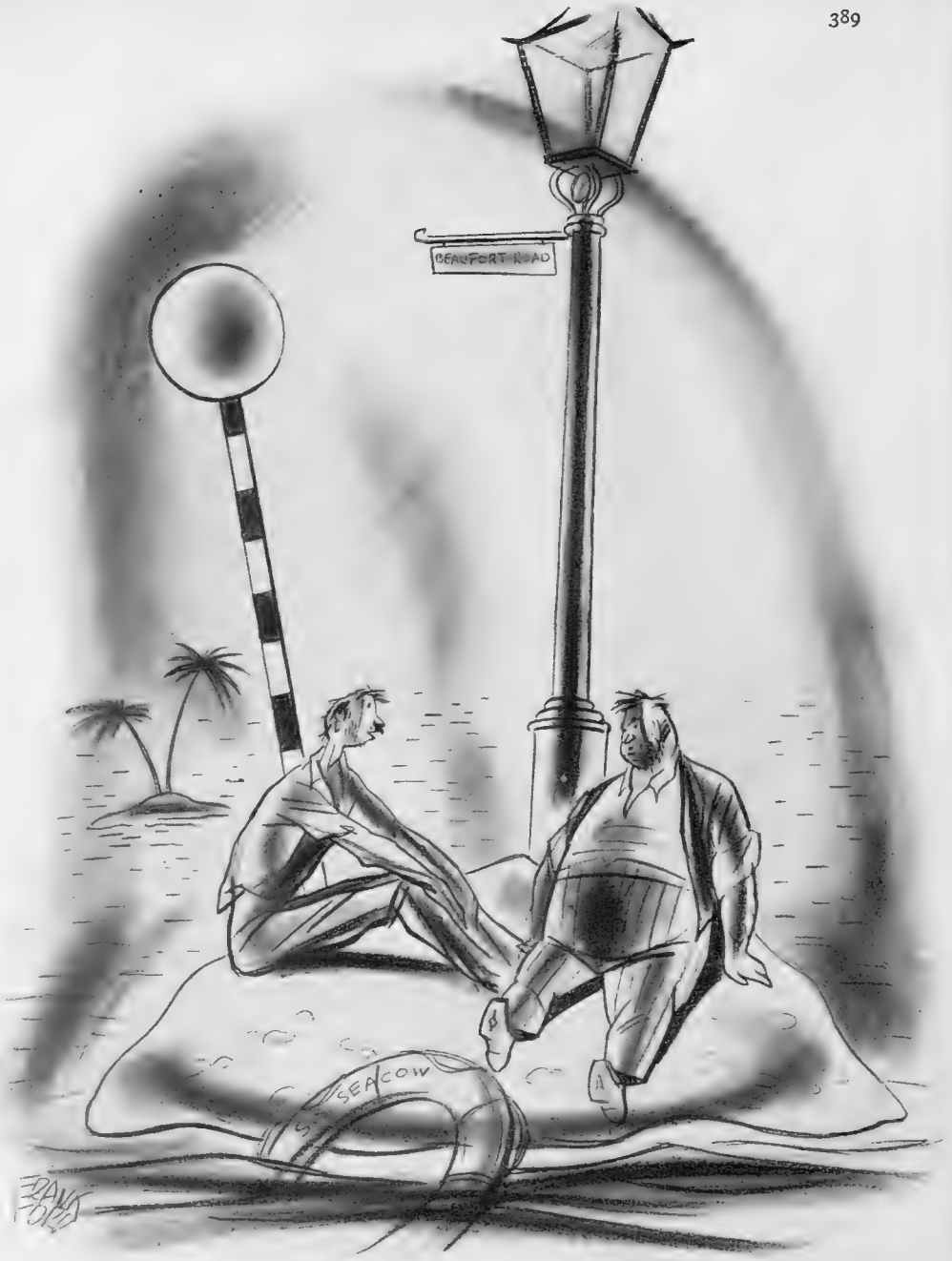
Philo Vance
Wants a kick in the pance.

Mr. Philo Vance, in fact, is a pretentious bore, and his pseudo-cultured conversation gives us a pain. Of the deadly characters in fiction, Mr. Vance is perhaps the deadliest, with the single exception of Little Nell, of whom Wilde remarked so soundly, "One must have a heart of stone to read the death of Little Nell without laughing." Our idea of extreme misery (if you 'd like to know it) would be to be stranded for eternity with Philo Vance, Little Nell, and Herbert Spencer, the economist, in Peacehaven (Sussex). If this doesn't make your flesh creep, nothing will.

Nice—for Whom?

Professor Julian Huxley's idea of opening a Pets' Corner at the "Zoo" ("so that people can get more intimate with the animals") would give us more satisfaction if (*a*) we were quite sure the animals wanted to be more intimate with people—some people especially; and (*b*) if it didn't reveal the curious poverty of imagination shown by the "Zoo" people in naming their guests—*e.g.*, there are three Peters (a chimpanzee, a Bactrian camel, and a python), and two Georges (a lion-cub and an alligator). It 's quite evident, moreover, that the two Georges were named haphazard and without thought, and not according to the scientific system of the cartoonist Strube. Strube, often known as the Boy Raphael, calls about fifty people George, including himself, his wife, and his dog, his actual name being Sidney. This is deliberate, and means that anybody Strube calls George is finally approved by Strube for all social purposes and Strubeworthy occasions. We 're afraid we can't make this any clearer. The main idea is plain enough.

Another thing that makes us cool about the new "Zoo" experiment is that there is a well-known Huxley tendency to do away with the barriers between people and animals. Apart from modern scientific arguments against this tendency (and there are several) we don't think animals like the idea very much, either. A leading ichthyologist once assured us that fish loathe being mistaken for members of the Athenæum, and we once met a prosperous literary man who, whenever he walked in the fields, was perpetually butted by he-goats. This was not only an act of criticism, but a practical protest against his writing such terrible stuff while going about resembling a goat to the life. As for chimpanzees, the ennui on Peter the Chimp's face when sitting on the Professor's shoulder at the "Zoo," was obvious to all. If thus bored by mixing with a Huxley, what would you imagine Peter thinks of meeting ordinary people?



"There 's something queer *about this island, Bert"*

Clean Fun Department

Last week we encountered one of the nicest true Big Business stories we 've heard for months. A man we know, travelling home in a liner from New York, made the acquaintance of a polite, serious, and exquisitely dressed person who turned out to be manager of the biggest luxury hotel in New York. Pacing the promenade deck together one evening before dinner, they stopped to admire a gorgeous sunset which was staining the glassy sea all round them as far as the eye could see. The hotel gentleman contemplated Nature's decorative efforts for a moment in silence, then flung out an arm in a wide, comprehensive sweep. "Look at that!" he said solemnly. "*Service!*" The Bystanders.

PEN-PUSHERS

No. 46.—"Beachcomber"

If you 're just oozing with "soul,"
Or if you are blatantly arty,
If you posture and pose
In extravagant clothes
At some Chelsea or Bloomsbury party,
You can bet your last dollar,
Should "Beachcomber" spy you,
He is morally certain
To set to and guy you.

If you are gushing and coy,
Or if you come over "all Barrie,"
And attempt to be fey
In a Wendyish way,
In his presence it 's not wise to tarry,
Or else he will put you
In one of his satires—
And from what victims say,
You can take it that *that* ires!

With undisguised joy he will trounce
The braggart, the bore and the bluffer,
But I 'm thankful to find
That he 's really quite kind
To the honest-to-God simple duffer
So if you 're like me, he 'll
Be really quite pally
And not use you for a
Guy, butt, or Aunt Sally. B. W.

Chagrin and annoyance by Lord Hannington (Hubert Harben) and his comic-opera policemen when Lolo destroys their clue

• Second Thoughts on First Nights

A Wonderful House-Hold

"Full House," at the Haymarket Theatre

AFTER the first few minutes of Ivor Novello's new comedy it becomes obvious that depth of thought has been sacrificed to breadth of humour. The story, such as it is, deals with the efforts of Frynne Rodney (Lilian Braithwaite), a middle-aged, muddle-headed lady, to extricate herself from debt by running her house in Lancaster Gate as a gambling hell. In this enterprise she is assisted by her actress sister who is stifling her grief at being parted from her husband in one long orgy of eating, and by a kindly non-Aryan business man admirably played by Frank Cochrane.

When the President of the Divorce Court, who has long admired Frynne in secret, hires a couple of music-hall comedians to raid the house disguised as policemen and then to mount guard outside all night (apparently regardless of the feelings of the genuine police), one suspects that the word "comedy" on the programme must be a misprint for "farce."

THE author has not scorned even the most time-worn devices to get laughs, and thus we see Isabel Jeans, as Frynne's actress sister, turning a horsey young girl (Heather Thatcher) across her knees and spanking her. Another character, going one better than employing the time-dishonoured gag of sitting on a top-hat, contrives to sit on a fully laden breakfast-tray.

No wonder one assumes that the house, full or otherwise, must be a little weak in its top storey.

All the characters fire off jokes throughout the entire play with the deadly precision of machine-gunners putting up a barrage, and, although they by no means all hit the mark, there are plenty of them which manage to do so. Thus, the laughter is continuous, if not general, for the author has contrived to cover all forms of humour from the subtle to the slapstick.

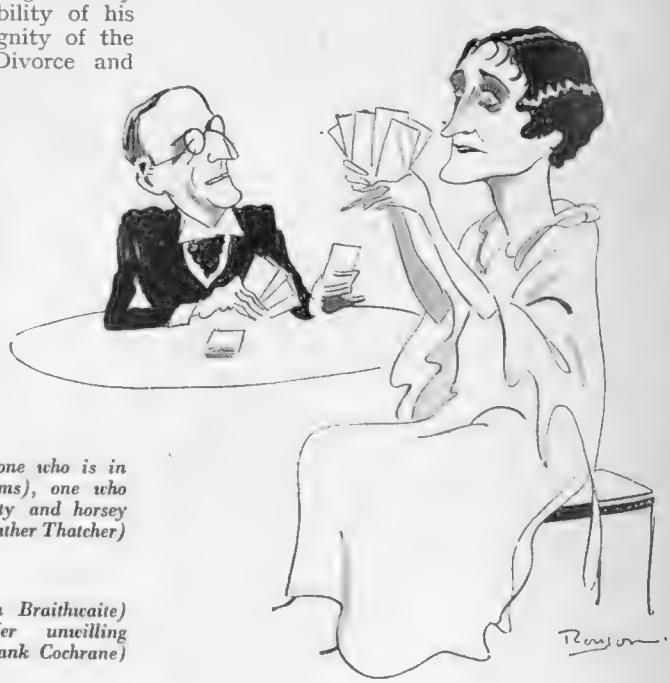
LILIAN BRAITHWAITE is genius enough to make Frynne almost believable, despite her fluffy-minded inanities, and both Heather Thatcher and Isabel Jeans work tremendously hard, and wisely play their parts on broad lines. Hubert Harben as the High Court Judge bravely refuses to let the improbability of his actions mar the judicial dignity of the President of the Probate, Divorce and Admiralty Division, and Robert Andrews and John Williams, as husbands, past and future, help to keep things moving briskly.

Full House is not one of Ivor Novello's happiest efforts, but even if it fails to prove an outstanding success in the West End, it should later do very well on the piers.

Lolo Leadenhall (Isabel Jeans), the hypochondriac with the strength of an ox, shows what she cares for the law

Sketches by Rouson

Left: John (Robert Andrews), one who is in love, and Archie (John Williams), one who thought he was with that hearty and horsey young woman, Lady April (Heather Thatcher)



Right: Frynne Rodney (Lilian Braithwaite) has a bridge lesson. Her unwilling teacher is Mr. Rosenblatt (Frank Cochrane)

Man and Superman

Walter Hudd Plays the Film Part of *Lawrence of Arabia*

Walter Hudd

Howard Coster, Photographer of Men

T. E. Lawrence

THE amazing likeness between Walter Hudd and the late Col. T. E. Lawrence is said to have made the choice of Hudd as Lawrence's screen impersonator "an automatic and perfect one." The photographic similarity, at least, is startling. Hudd is a newcomer to the films, but an actor of long experience on the stage. He plays a small part in London Films' *Natacha*, of which Penelope Dudley Ward is the heroine, and it is for the same company that he is appearing in *Lawrence of Arabia*, with Zoltan Korda as director. He has appeared in a number of Shaw plays, including *Too True to Be Good*, in which Lawrence saw him as Private Meek, a character based on Lawrence's own

"Ah' woonder if Ah've dun raight"

"Ssh! Doan't tell anybody!"

"O.K. Ah've shot 'un"

"Oh, Ah should worry!"

A Great Comedienne

Gracie Fields' Palladium Faces

GRACIE FIELDS' two-week's appearance at the Palladium in August might have been lengthened to two months before her audiences' delight in her would have been half satisfied. Her broad Lancashire humour, her droll endearing personality, her "impish and neighbourly wink," have made her the most popular variety and film star in England; her versatility, her voice that takes a comic, a sentimental or an operatic turn at will, her talent as an actress have qualified her for approval from the highbrow as well as the low-brow. The *Times* have judged her Marie Lloyd's successor—let 's leave it at that. Now she 's off to South Africa, and we 'll see no more of her until *Look Up and Laugh*, her latest film, already shown in the West End, is generally released next month. J. B. Priestley has written a new screen story for her, called *Say, Grace !* in which she goes Wild Western, but that 's for the future

Photos by John Everard

" Whoopee ! Ah' ve got 'un "

" There 's ghos'sies around 'ere "

" Look owt ! I 'm gettin' determined "

A Triangular Moment in "The Crusades"

Saladin (Ian Keith) and Richard of England (Henry Wilcoxon) have hot words over Richard's blonde wife, Berengaria (Loretta Young)—a scene from the much-discussed de Mille spectacle at the Carlton, which is reviewed on this page

Katharine de Mille

Cecil B. de Mille's daughter plays Alice, "the sulkily beautiful Princess," sister of Philip of France, whom Richard jilts in favour of Berengaria

• FILMS of the Day

"Colossus": By SYDNEY TREMAYNE

"THE CRUSADES" is literally a colossal film both in intention and realisation. It travels the broad but rather neglected highway cut out by the pioneers of progressive cinematography who believed that spectacle—the "super" film—was the apogee of attainment.

Cecil B. de Mille is a master in the creation of atmosphere. It may not be the authentic atmosphere of Palestine in the twelfth, century or of Merrie England, but it is the grandiose, the massive, the *mouvementé* and romantic atmosphere of Mr. de Mille himself.

I have no patience with superior people who sneer at the historical anachronisms (which it is doubtful if they could correct from their own knowledge) and those who sit on the fence of criticism.

"THE CRUSADES" begins magnificently. The opening scene shows the fanatical destruction by the victorious Saracens of all Christian relics in Jerusalem. Finally, a heavy, broken wooden cross which might have come from Calvary itself is thrown on to the blazing pyre of holy books and pictures. This significant scene is followed by one of painful vulgarity: the marketing of lovely Christian girls who look like houris or "chorines." Strange reflection on de Mille's tumultous, over-crowded, ill-adjusted mentality or his judgment of public taste!

This sequence ends with Saladin's entry into Jerusalem and the defiance of Peter the Hermit, played with Mosaic fervour and force by Aubrey Smith.

THE scene in the Cathedral when Philip of France takes the Crusader's oath is architecturally and atmospherically impressive, though the grouping and the arrangement of Philip's sumptuous robes are a thought too conscious, but it shows de Mille's flair for composition which is present but obscured by the hurly-burly of more violent episodes.

The English scene with the jousts, the roystering king romping with his people, trying his strength with the blacksmith and chasing an over-presumptuous minstrel, is a little less happy, but it introduces Richard, the Lion-heart (in the person of Henry Wilcoxon), as de Mille would have him for the purpose of his film.

AND here the plot peeps out, like the Loch Ness monster, from the vasty waters of pageantry. The French king arrives unexpectedly (don't ask me how he and his Court travelled unheralded), and with him his sister Alice, betrothed to Richard, the idea being that if she is queen of England Richard will not attack France in Philip's absence. But Richard has no stomach for marriage nor for the sulkily, beautiful princess (Miss de Mille), and his manners are deplorable

Enter Peter the Hermit with the British populace whom he has roused to enthusiasm for the Holy War. All oaths, ties and obligations are cancelled by the Crusader's vow of allegiance to God's cause, he announces with that conviction which deputises for authority. "Good," says Richard, "England is at war. The marriage arranged . . . will not take place." There follows a typical de Mille effect when the men at arms who have raised their swords with loud huzzahs at Richard's battle-cry, fall on their knees and reverse their swords to make a thousand crosses.

THERE is more crowd work when the armies weary and starving arrive at Marseilles. Berengaria, the lovely daughter of the *commerçant* King of Navarre, watches from a balcony. Her hero-worship of Richard is turned to detestation by his brutal treatment of a soldier who has lamed a horse in getting one of the huge engines of war through a narrow arch. (Feminine psychology is *not* de Mille's strong point.) This introduces the *Taming of the Shrew* motif, for Richard agrees to marry the girl without seeing her to secure Navarre's beasts and grain to feed his army. Boor that he is, he sends his sword by the buffoon minstrel to be proxy at the wedding while he carouses with his men. But when he does see the lady he insists on her going to Palestine with him. Small wonder since Loretta Young looks lovelier than ever before, and as to being miscast, who knows what Berengaria looked or spoke like! It would probably have taken so long to groom her for stardom that the Crusade would have been over and de Mille could not have arranged that exciting little interlude when the captured queen offers herself to Saladin as a ransom for Richard whom she now loves.

THE taking of Acre by the Crusaders is indescribable, breath-taking. It must be seen to be believed, and the meeting of the Christian and Islamic Cavalry outside Jerusalem at full gallop is one of the most brilliant battle scenes ever filmed.

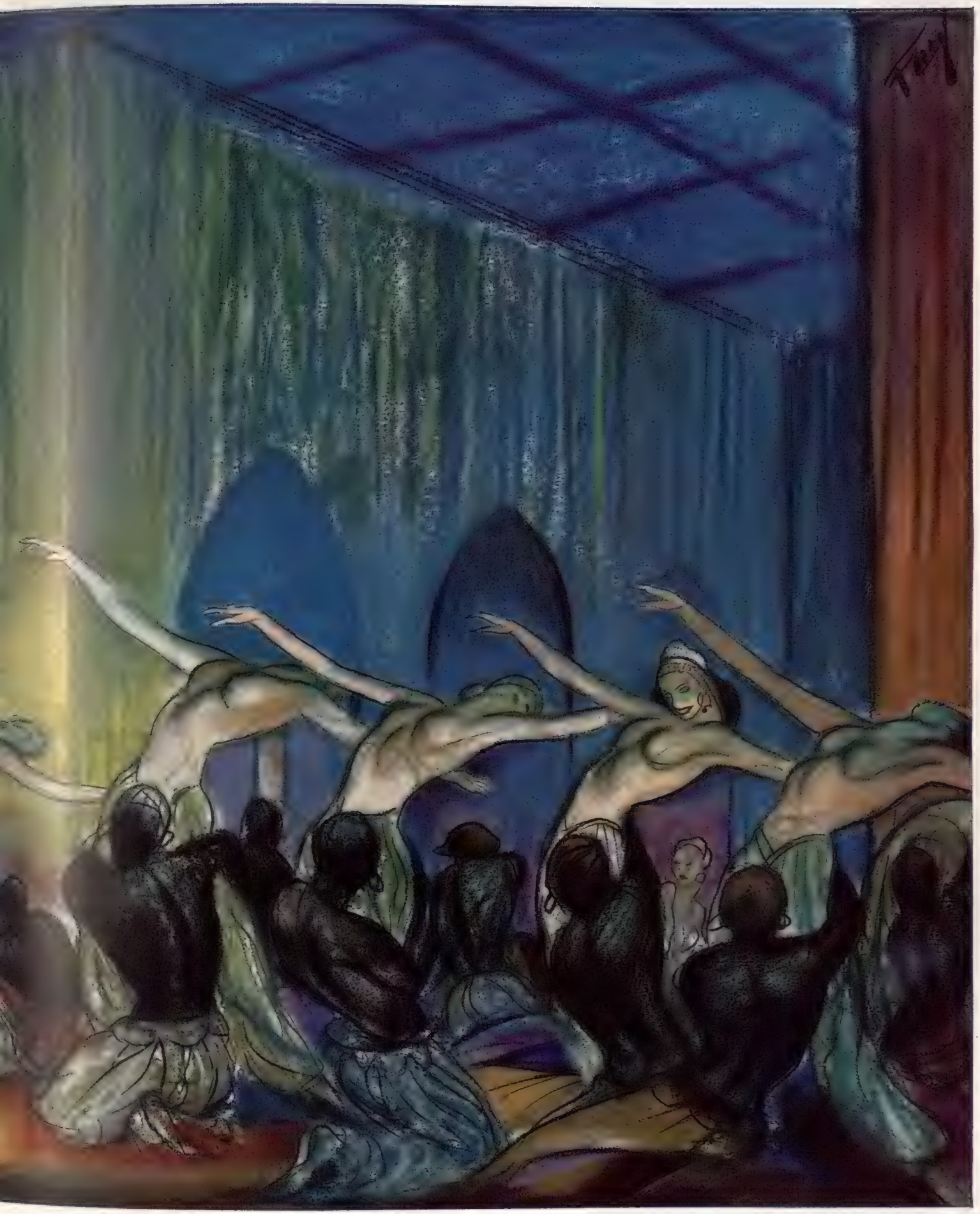
I HAVE not criticised the acting because there is no acting in a film like this. The player has only to look and stride the part, and this they all do. The Geneva-ish talk in Saladin's tent about world peace and religious tolerance is frankly twaddle, and all the dialogue is, ineffectual, but to underestimate de Mille's, particular genius is to show a blind spot in relation to one important aspect of the cinema. He has a place in the history of the cinema as certainly as have Eisenstein, René Clair, Pabst or any of the German-American moderns.

Nineteenth Century Wings

Henry Victor in "Conquest of the Air"

LONDON FILMS have taken on a big subject for this new picture —the history of aviation from Grecian times onward. It is being done on the grand scale, with a trio of famous directors—John Monk Saunders (who made *Hell's Angels*), Zoltan Korda and Alexander Essway—and Hans Schneeberger as cameraman for the air sequences. Henry Victor plays Otto Lilienthal, the German gliding pioneer who, in the eighteen-sixties, crashed from a height of a hundred feet and was killed. He 's an English actor, was educated in Germany, and has been in pictures here and in Hollywood since 1923 ; *The Luck of the Navy*, *Luxury Liner*, *Abdul Hamid*, *Handle with Care*, are among the films he 's played in. *Conquest of the Air* has Laurence Olivier, Derrick de Marney and Charles Lefaux, the French actor, as some of its other stars

SCHEHERAZADE



AN impression by Clark Fay of the famous Fokine ballet which was revived this year at Covent Garden by Colonel de Basil's company, with Tchernicheva and Massine as Zobeide and the Slave. The fantastically rich colour of Leon Bakst's décor was a revolution to the Paris audiences which first saw the ballet when Diaghileff presented it in 1910. To-day, twenty-five years later, the beauty of the setting is undimmed, though it no longer startles the sophisticated modern eye

DUNLOP
FORT "90"
DUNLOP MAXIM
MADE IN ENGLAND
DRC 1935
C.F.H

The Sisters

Above we reproduce another of John Everard's nude studies. This, with many others which have appeared in our pages, will form part of his book, "Adam's Fifth Rib," which is being published by Chapman and Hall, about the middle of October

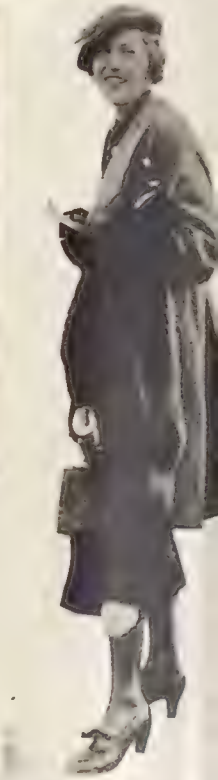
SCOTTISH

Lady Tiverton, English by marriage, could hardly be more Scots by birth. Was Ismay Crichton-Stewart. Looks somebody and is

Lady Joan Hope, a dark Juno, daughter of the new Viceroy, is a typical outdoor girl

Lady Victoria Scott looks like her mother, Countess Haig, who was a Vivian. Is much in the Scotch limelight

Marie Borthwick is Edinburgh's prettiest now that Helen Low is married. Is studying for the stage



Marion Burrell has dress sense, the sylph silhouette and hosts of friends

Ann Coats, from Ayrshire (of course), and **Rosemary Robertson,** who is a Black Watch daughter, never lack beaux

Zara Deuchar, who is going to marry a Gordon Highlander, is still the belle of N. Berwick

Margaret Borthwick, sister of beautiful Marie, has irregular features and S.A.

Susan MacPherson-Grant has expressive and piquant features, brown hair, and "trout burn" eyes

Ruth Primrose, slim, fair and sporting, owns a nice skin and a nice aunt, Lady Rosebery

Catriona MacLeod from Skeabost, Skye, has two sisters, Mrs. Iain Hilleary and Mrs. Julian Day

Lady Hersey Boyle has a beautifully modelled face and frank nature. Also her mother's Hunter-Blair voice

Alathea Talbot, another outdoor type, looks well in butts and on horses. Lives at Maxpoffle—easily remembered

GOOD-LOOKERS

Who Decorate the Northern Season

Rosemary Maitland-Makgill-Crichton has lovely teeth and a willowy figure

Pam Douchar is the liveliest of the tall, attractive sisters

Zoë and **Maud Orr** are two more pretty North Berwick sisters. Zoë has just got engaged to Jock Wilson, of Lanarkshire

Margaret McKenzie, sophisticated, unspoilt, had a better time, since debut, than any Scots belle

Hersey, youngest of the **Baird** sisters, has Greuze-like colouring. Her mother owns Lennoxlove

Jean Elphinstone has a fine brow and excellent features, useful brain and ornamental appearance

Claudia Crichton-Stuart, a most alluring brunette, with more feathers in her cap than recorded here

Marjorie Scott, (twin) is a good country dresser and makes an agreeable appearance

Anne Marshall from the Borders is trim, un-made-up and incapable of sulks

Flying Round Europe

Lord and Lady Willoughby de Broke Make a Good Landing at Biarritz

Lord and Lady Willoughby de Broke are flying round Europe for their summer holiday — Biarritz, Arcachon, Cannes, Venice, Budapest, Vienna and Holland being some of their stopping-places. These photographs were taken at Biarritz, where they were staying with Mr. Reginald Wright, Master of the South Atherstone and a neighbour in Warwickshire; he owns Chateau Lac du Brindos, near Biarritz. Lady Willoughby de Broke was well-known as a pilot before her marriage in 1933, when she was Rachel Wrey

The owner-pilot who goes off on a flying tour has to know rather more of what's "under the bonnet" than the care-free owner-driver who, with luck, can change a plug or a wheel. Lord Willoughby de Broke attends expertly to the tuning-up of the engine of his British Aircraft Eagle, the aeroplane he and his wife are using for their tour

Lawn Tennis Letter

A Postcript By "Passer-By"

Lady Rowallan and Ian Collins

These two are Scottish hard court mixed doubles champions for the fifth time; they beat G. B. Leyton and Miss S. Paterson, the runners-up, at St. Andrews, 6—0, 6—0. Ian Collins also won the singles championship there for the fourth consecutive year

Barbara Drew and G. E. Tew

They got engaged at Wimbledon and go to India, where G. E. Tew is an engineer, after their wedding this month. Barbara Drew is the Cheshire county champion, and daughter of A. S. Drew, captain of the Cheshire county team

1935 Partners

Mme. de Meulemeester (Belgium) and Mrs. Peter Howard (Doris Metaxa that was) were doubles champions in 1932, and played together at Wimbledon this year. They have both had sons since their last appearance there

DEAR BYSTANDER—

IN my last letter of a lawn tennis season now fading, I would fain be optimistic. And why not? England has kept the international team championship; the Davis Cup "stays put" in this country. The margin of victory in the challenge round was as great as that in 1906, when the Dohertys and S. H. Smith beat the picked Americans without losing a match. And the men's blue riband of the lawn remains in Perry's keeping; he defeated his German challenger in the final by three sets to love. The French title is also in British hands, captured for the first time in history. These are tangible tokens of skill and ardour, the more inspiring because they include a long-deferred victory in the Davis Cup doubles. England had not gained one in the challenge round for twenty-seven years.

BY way of parenthesis, while mentioning the Davis Cup, I may perhaps tell you about a little conversation I had with Dwight F. Davis, the American donor of that peripatetic piece of silver, after a game of deck-tennis that he and I enjoyed together quite recently on an Atlantic liner. Davis is a quiet, reserved fellow, except when he is smashing a lawn tennis ball with his left arm; he rarely talks about himself. Perhaps that is why President Coolidge made him War Secretary at Washington, and afterwards Governor of the Philippines. He informed me that the idea of presenting a cup for annual competition between his country and England—for that was the original notion—had come to him after a lawn tennis team from the East of America had gone out to the West. This joining of racket-holding hands over a gulf of three thousand miles had suggested contact in the other direction—another three thousand miles towards England. The yacht races for the America's Cup were on at the time; the moment seemed ripe for a further Anglo-American gesture of union.

BUT when Davis made his proposal to the then president of the United States Lawn Tennis Association, whose name, strangely enough, was Dwight, he did not visualise—nor did anybody else—that the Davis Cup would, in less than thirty years, attract thirty countries to its banner. Indeed, so modest was he about his project, that in the original terms of his gift you will find two clauses that sound strange to modern ears. One was that, in the event of the Anglo-American match falling through, the Cup should be returned to its donor; and the other was that it should be presented anonymously. Thus the name of Dwight F. Davis, now honoured wherever lawn tennis is played, was not inscribed on the trophy when the first British challenging team (which included the captain of the present holding team) journeyed to the Longwood Cricket Club at Boston and encountered the googlie service which was to defeat them.

THIS is rather a long aside. To come back to the autumn of 1935, we find England possessing an invincible Davis Cup team, and yet lacking in her universities, schools, or clubs, any players who could take the places, with any hope of success, of the four defenders. Perhaps I ought to say, of the two singles players, Perry and Austin. Why should this be so in a land where so much lawn tennis is played, and where the facilities for it are far greater than in any other country in the world?

THE causes are manifold; some of them are deep-rooted, buried in traditions that old-fashioned countries like England respect like old timber and crusted port. Cricket enters by the front door at our public schools; lawn tennis, if it is admitted at all, only by the back door. The schools do not feed the universities, and the universities—less so than formerly, by the way—do not feed the clubs. Very few of our great players have been infant prodigies; some did not even play lawn tennis until they were men. To put it more bluntly, lawn tennis is not in the blood of English youth; it has been grafted on the cricket stem.

Then, of course, the va-et-vient, the constant migration, of our leading players, has tended to remove example. Local tournaments have, in the main, been won by itinerant players from oversea. Thirty years ago, when the standard of play at tournaments outside Wimbledon was undoubtedly higher, there was a group of at least a dozen home players above the owe-15 mark. They maintained their form by constantly playing each other. Now these owe-15 players are inclined to weaken their form by meeting so many lower grade opponents. Wimbledon, of course, finds them out; so does any championship tournament like Paris or Hamburg.

DOES England possess material that will develop into Perrys and Austins? Undoubtedly. I ventured to say so ten years ago, before Perry and Austin arrived as Davis Cup lifters. Players of their type do not grow in every home, or even in every country. They exist in embryo, for the trained eye to detect, and the sympathetic mind to encourage. But a sine qua non for their discovery and progress is that the average "tournamenteer" must not play a lone hand; he must serve the game off the court as well as serve a ball on it.

What's the Betting?

—Will They Be Stars?

No. 1 of a New Series for Film Fans
With a Speculative Turn of Mind

Martha Sleeper

Luise Rainer

Mary Carlisle

Mary Carlisle *started her film career as a dancing girl in Hollywood; then she began to get small parts, one of her first being in the very last shot of all in "Grand Hotel." Other films you may remember seeing her in are "Justice for Sale," and "Murder in the Runaway Train." She is under contract to M.G.M., but has been out on loan to other companies. Her next scheduled appearance is as a vamp in "Let Freedom Ring," with Jack Benny and Una Merkel. She is being groomed for stardom, they say*

Martha Sleeper *has had an up-and-down career since she started filming in 1927. She did brilliantly at first; then dropped out and went to New York; got chosen for the Hecht MacArthur film, "The Scoundrel," and made a big come-back as the temperamental, chic, jealous ex-girl-friend of the hero, Noel Coward. She dances well, wears her clothes exquisitely, has lovely sleepy eyes, and is a girl to be watched*

The third of the trio, ***Luise Rainer,*** *is the clever little Viennese actress who's something like a dark Elisabeth Bergner. She's been given the lead in "Escapade," the Hollywood version of the Viennese film "Maskerade," which was shown in London some months ago. She plays opposite William Powell. This is her first film, and she is expected to make a big screen name from it*

"Bystander" Short Story No. 1

The Illusionist

by

Milward Kennedy

Sketch by Keith Bryant

I heard an "Oh!" from Barbara; in a husky voice she said: "The ruby, Mr. Lomax—it's gone!"

MY companion and I had only exchanged a few words when he gave a nervous start, rose, and left me. Next minute there was a murmured "good evening," and Mr. Gregory Lomax, cigar in hand, asked if he could take the empty chair.

I knew him by name, for mine is Lomas, and a parcel meant for him had been delivered by the hotel to my room; a trivial mistake, but he had made a lot of fuss about it.

"When your friend comes back——" Mr. Lomax said. I explained that I had never before spoken to the man who had so abruptly vanished into the night.

Mr. Lomax studied me attentively, and under the lights of the hotel verandah, I studied him—his lips parted in a thoughtful smile, which his beard seemed to accentuate, the broad white scar above his left eyebrow his most remarkable feature.

"Yes," he said. "I think I was the cause of his departure." He paused and then, "I daresay you have a well-filled pocket book."

I neither affirmed nor denied. He drew at his cigar, moved his chair a little closer, and remarked that at my time of life, I ought to know better than to talk to strangers in seaside hotels. (I know; it ought to have been Shepherd's at least, but in fact it was Bournemouth.)

"Yes, I'm one," he went on. "But Fate, in the shape of a parcel, brought us together. That's different. I'll tell you about the man who has given me the chance to sit here."

"I was staying" (said Mr. Gregory Lomax), "not a hundred miles from Monte Carlo. I was out to enjoy myself. I was young."

(I do wish that my story could have started like that. Bournemouth!)

"I'll cut the cackle. I'd made a few hotel acquaintances. Three in particular. Mr. and Mrs. Ayland, rich, respectable, elderly, dull—and their niece Barbara; very pretty, very petite, very young; fine eyes, dark silky hair, a perfect figure and skin; and fresh from a country vicarage. She was there for a treat—and was being more tantalised than if she had never left England; the wrong clothes, and she knew it, and no gay friends. Uncle and aunt let me take her out to tea; I dared not suggest dinner and dance, much as I wanted to.

"She screwed up her courage first. One day she told me that a school friend, now married to a Frenchman, had asked her to dine next evening, and go to a Fancy Dress Ball. Would I help her?

"Help? Of course; but how? Oh, her friend had told her to bring a friend. I jumped at it; and I had a bright idea. I would say that the Marquise de Vigny had asked *me* to dine, and to bring a partner—and Barbara should suddenly remember that she had known the Marquise at school.

"Well, it worked. I was considered safe and sensible and there was the title. And I promised that we would not be out too late.

"Costumes were easily to be hired. I was not original—the usual Apache stuff. Barbara promised me a surprise.

"We were to dine late; uncle and aunt went early to a concert—so they did not see us in all our glory.

"Barbara came down wrapped in a big cloak, with what looked like a basket in her hand. I was gloomily afraid that she was Little Red Riding Hood, or something equally quaint. I persuaded her to let me see—and she did, in a little empty salon.

"I understood, then, why she wanted no witnesses in the hotel. A Salomé can be respectable, I suppose. Rather breathlessly (she was very pretty, and I told you about her skin) I asked her whether her aunt——

"She laughed.

"'She hasn't seen *this* one,' she said, 'only another—nice and Jane Austenish. But—you approve?'

"I did. She resumed her cloak.

"'And here's St. John's Head,' she said, waving the basket-affair. 'The only thing that's missing is that I've got no jewellery. You know, barbaric.'

"I assured her that her costume was all that it need be, but she was not placated.

"'*I* know,' she said. 'Aunt Kate's pendant. D'you think I could?'

The Illusionist *(Continued)*

"I had vague recollection of a big ruby.

"'She won't have worn it to the concert,' said Barbara. 'D'you think I could? Borrow it, I mean!'

"I remarked, fatuously, that I should be there to look after her, and she slipped upstairs to her aunt's room.

"THERE were a dozen or so at dinner," Mr. Lomax continued, lighting a fresh cigar. "The Marquise had rented a villa. A rather common woman, I thought her. But then Barbara's simplicity gave the whole party a garish look. Her costume was admired—or so she imagined. She gave as much credit to St. John the Baptist, realistic with gaping red mouth and lots of red paint on the charger, as to her own figure. The ruby pendant looked like a splash of the Baptist's blood on her white breast.

"'I only borrowed it,' she said. 'Mr. Lomax thought it would look right.'

"And all that I did was to smile my acquiescence.

"After dinner, someone proposed that we should dance to a gramophone—it was too early to go to the ball. So we repaired to a big room, empty but for cushions and a drink-laden table.

"We danced—I daresay for an hour. It was a warm evening, luckily for Barbara. She clung to St. John's head and—most of the time—to me. We were all pretty merry. I danced with the Marquise—and quite liked her. But Barbara was my partner when—oh, nothing sensational; the lights went out.

"Laughs and screams; no moon, so that it was pitch dark. And—of course—I tried to kiss Barbara.

"She pushed me away. I felt a brute. I whispered an apology. She gave a nervous little laugh, then caught my hand and held it, tight.

"'Oh, *there* you are,' she whispered, and she sounded relieved.

"'Turn the lights on again,' said the Marquise.

"Nothing happened. She said it again—angrily. Still nothing. I heard a man ask where the switch was. Then someone brushed past me and—click—the lights went on again. There was the Marquise, only a yard or so from Barbara and myself; she had her hand on the switch.

"'Did you do that, Mr. Lomax?' she demanded.

"'Certainly not,' I said. As a matter of fact I, too, had not noticed where the switch was, nor in what part of the room Barbara and I were. I mean, when you're dancing—with Salomé——

"'Then who——' the Marquise began and stopped short, her hand to her throat.

"'My pearls have gone!' she said.

"A second's silence; then a confused clamour. I heard an 'Oh,' from Barbara; in a husky voice she said, 'The ruby, Mr. Lomax. It's gone.' I looked at her; it had.

"'I felt a kind of tug,' she said. 'I thought you——' She blushed.

"EVERYONE was looking for the pearls, on the assumption that the clasp had broken. The Marquise was still at the door. I was sure that no one could have left the room in the darkness without my knowing it. I told her, quietly, about the ruby.

"There's that Mr. Chumley out again without his wife"

"She stared at me.

"'Was it you I bumped into?' she asked.

"Before I could answer, she called to a man named Brown—a quiet-looking Englishman. She whispered to him, and he took command of the situation. Everyone was aghast at his announcement.

"'But—it's impossible,' said someone, and I said my piece about no one having entered or left the room.

"They searched every inch; shook the cushions and examined the gramophone—oh, yes, and the chandeliers. The windows were open—tall French windows—but they only gave on to a verandah enclosed in fine mosquito netting, and the netting was fastened top and bottom, and there was not the tiniest tear in it.

"At this stage it was explained that Brown was not the man's real name. He worked—he was on holiday now—for a well-known enquiry agency.

"There was nothing for it but to search one another; Mr. Brown searched the men, and the Marquise took the women to another room. Poor Barbara was almost in hysterics; it was something that the 'search' wouldn't amount to much with her costume.

"The result—nothing.

"The Marquise did her best; but she could not laugh it all off, because one of her guests had been robbed too. Naturally it was the end of the party—and the worst of it was that I was the only 'stranger'; and I had admitted that it was at my suggestion that Barbara had worn the ruby. The rest of the party showed that they thought I had been right to dress as an Apache.

"Barbara wrapped herself up in the cloak, collected St. John's Head from the room where we had danced, and clung tearfully to me as we drove home. What was she to do? She had practically stolen the ruby, hadn't she? She had meant to slip into her aunt's room when she was asleep; and now . . . All that I could do was to promise to take all the blame—if I could—and to talk it over next day. There was nothing to be done that night. We would meet in early morning. . . .

"Instead of which, after lying awake for hours, I overslept. I hurried down, but couldn't find Barbara—she had gone out, the porter told me. I was half afraid that she—but to my relief, I saw her coming in from the garden. And she was bubbling over with a mixture of nervousness and hope. She had gone down into the town and—in defiance of all probability—she had discovered in a little pawnshop an ornament that might easily pass as her aunt's ruby. But she could not afford to buy it.

"Well, it was a stiffish price; but if it really was like the lost jewel, this seemed the only solution, and naturally I said that I would buy it. The old lady might not look at her jewellery for weeks, and so would not know when the theft, or change, took place. I know; all very dishonest—but what else could we do? I was younger then—and I went off to the pawnshop.

"I had to raise some cash at the bank on the way; the old man in the shop beamed upon me when I began mumbling that a young lady told me that there was a red stone. . . . I had to work hard to beat him down to the price which he had quoted to her. Still, I did not mind paying less than the value of the ruby, even if it was more than a bit of glass was worth; and back I hurried to the hotel.

"Barbara, waiting in the garden, could find no words to thank me. She stood on tip-toe and kissed me, and ran indoors. And when I met the old aunt, later on, she smiled and thanked me for

(Continued on page vi)

Masks and Faces

Right: bearded Angus McBean is a specialist on the masks that people use so much just now as wall decorations. He makes them out of the oddest materials—brown paper, bits of wire and brass, cotton wool and glue. Here he is touching up his mask portrait of Primrose Salt, with Garbo, looking Cromwellian, on the left

Angus McBean "Masks" Primrose Salt

The "Stop . . . Go!" Masks

Above: Miss Marloe working at a mask of Einstein for the new Charlot revue which starts to-night in London. The Lloyd George, J. H. Thomas and George Lansbury masks, which were banned by the Lord Chamberlain, sit sadly on the shelf and mayn't appear in the masked celebrity dance which is one of the revue's most amusing numbers

Right: Tom Tit, the well-known caricaturist, has had a hand in the new decoration at the Vaudeville where "Stop . . . Go!" opens to-night. He has covered the walls of the auditorium and the bars with more-than-life-size caricatures of all the actors, actresses, authors, composers, and the rest of the celebrities that Charlot has had to do with during his twenty-three years of theatrical management

A Designer on Holiday

Oliver Messel, who was a pioneer of the mask fashion in his early days as a designer and decorator, has been on holiday in Venice. He is now designing the dresses for the Hollywood production of "Romeo and Juliet"

Tom Tit Turns Interior Decorator

BIARRITZ

Saison de 1935

By Charles Graves

A View of the Plage with its Striped Bee-Hivish Tents

DESPITE the absence, as I write, of the Prince of Wales, Biarritz is enjoying its season very much. The weather is magnificent. The red flag has not yet been hoisted on the beach since I have been here and scarcely a waiter has been drowned.

ON the other hand, I detect a number of subtle differences from last year. The Chambre d'Amour with its pink and white pillars, its al-fresco cocktail bar, its cabañas, and its fifteen francs daily admission, has ceased to be the attraction it was when the Heir to the Throne used it so much in 1934. Instead, people bathe on the beach fifty yards away where the sands are dotted with the loveliest figures I ever did see—including those of a pair of Les Girls. Another change is that the Bar Basque, in the little square opposite the Casino, has had to yield pride of place as the rendezvous where you meet everyone to Sonny's bar, a merry spot at the back of the Carlton Hotel.

THE Duke of Westminster has been here and will no doubt return from the forest of Mimizan where he is presumably hunting the wild boar, as per usual (or is the French wild boar not in season in late August and September ?). He is better-looking than ever, and keeps up his youthful enthusiasm for the casino where he is continuously successful.

HERE in the huge gaming rooms one could see Sir William Jowitt, the former Attorney-General, sitting comfortably in an armchair, but never hazarding his money either at roulette or chemin de fer. Commander McGrath has been here too. He arrived in a yacht from Deauville in a stag party which included Lord Jersey. The latter is still here, obviously enjoying himself as the guest of the Marquis and Marquise de Portago. The latter is the undoubted queen of Biarritz. She can make or break anyone socially here. Even Lartigne, the Director-General of the Casino, has to bow to her wishes.

ONE of the most beautiful women is Lily Elsie. Her lovely features and exquisite cool voice makes the old stagers wish passionately that they could put the clock back to the days of *The Merry Widow* when Joe Coyne was a juvenile lead.

STAYING at the Miramar have been General Critchley and Charlie Munn, richly content with the re-establishment of the totalisator on the dog tracks of the G.R.A. Charlie Munn, dark-skinned and apparently about thirty-eight, is in the lucky position of having no fewer than sixteen totes working exclusively for him in the United States, in addition to others in France and Spain and, finally, his share of the Critchley outfit in England. He and the General went over to San Sebastian for the big bullfight the other day when a member of the crowd jumped into the ring and played the bull so brilliantly that the President had to have him freed after his matter-of-course arrest by the police, and the great Lalanda actually dedicated the bull to him—quite an historic occasion for *aficionados*.

BUT it is now becoming quite the thing for English visitors at Biarritz to hop across the border on Sundays to see the big shots like Belmonte, Ortega, the Bienvenidas, El Soldado and El Estudiente fighting at San Sebastian.

INCIDENTALLY, it is very lucky for Biarritz that gambling and backless bathing dresses are forbidden in Spain. For the prices are half those in Biarritz. The beaches are as lovely. The cabarets are monumental and the hotels are excellent. There is also horse racing and the real pelota played indoors and not with the

Below: Mrs. Christian Dufaur (June O'Malley-Keyes that was) plays backgammon with Mr. Sevastopoulos. The girl with the cigarette is Miss Chico Kilvert

Above: M. Paul Dubonnet and Mr. Charles Hillard have been doing well in Biarritz golf fixtures, and are fancied for some of the autumn dates

Left: Miss Beth Leary gave a Biarritz dinner-party the other day for eighty-five people. This is probably the 1935 record

Major Carlos Clarke, M. Jean Gassiatt and the Countess de Pret-Roose played their after-tea round of golf among the Chiberta pine trees

Below: Mlle. Alice Delysia is with Mr. Norman Hartnell and Mr. John Pleydell, who were staying with her in her villa

Above: Mrs. Roy Glen is American, and was Jane Storey of Washington. She met Major Glen when he was attaché at the Embassy there

Right: Miss Madeleine Forbes belongs to an American family with lots of Scots ramifications. She was photographed with the Miramar beach as background

basket—which means that it is much faster and more exciting and the betting (with dozens of bookmakers present) exceedingly high.

Which duly brings one to the presence of Mr. Arthur Bendir, recuperating from Ascot and Goodwood, with his wife, and preparing doubtless for the St. Leger and even the Manchester November Handicap. You can see him bathing every day in front of the Palais. Lord and Lady Willoughby de Broke—she was formerly Rachel Wrey and knows Biarritz well—are usually to be found on the beach in front of the Chambre d'Amour. You will also find them every evening in the casino.

Bert Ambrose, however, is not here to set the big table alight as he did last year. Instead he is prosaically and prosperously touring the halls of Glasgow, Manchester and Liverpool. He is much missed by the management and cagnotte. So is his band, though Ray Ventura holds his end up, and the Athos Follies do the same.

The night-club in the Casino Bellevue is again re-decorated and rejoices in the name of the Cucuracha, obviously enough. There is also the Monte Cristo night-club in the Municipal Casino, the theatre of which is graced by Sacha Guitry (who likes backing zero at roulette), Paris touring companies, playing the latest revues by Rip (the French

The Chiberta Country Club has that evening light on it which is the way most of the August golfers see it

Noel Coward) and other entertainments. Cortot has been playing here. Lucienne Boyer has been singing. The lovely Miss 1935 has been justifying Spain's claim to the most beautiful girl in Europe. There is polo every Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday and Sunday. I can find no trace of a Casanova, though, and if the Villa Manon still flourishes—well, that is no affair of mine.

Among the other English visitors one might mention are Mr. Reginald Purbrick, the emperor of condensed milk, who surveys the Plage with an interested eye, as though he thought of buying an interest in the leading hotels and casino; there is Major Charlie Clarke, lean and sunburnt; Sir Herbert Parsons has been sunning himself, while of the American visitors Miss Beth Leary has again been conspicuous as a conversationalist.

In other words, Biarritz again exerts all its own charm, gilded further by Napoleon, the barman of the Palais, who has invented a cocktail called Islamey in which real 24-carat golf leaf floats. I ask you! But it is excellent, made of equal portions of gin, Noilly, maraschino, and cherry brandy, plus the golf leaf. Come over and try it sometime.

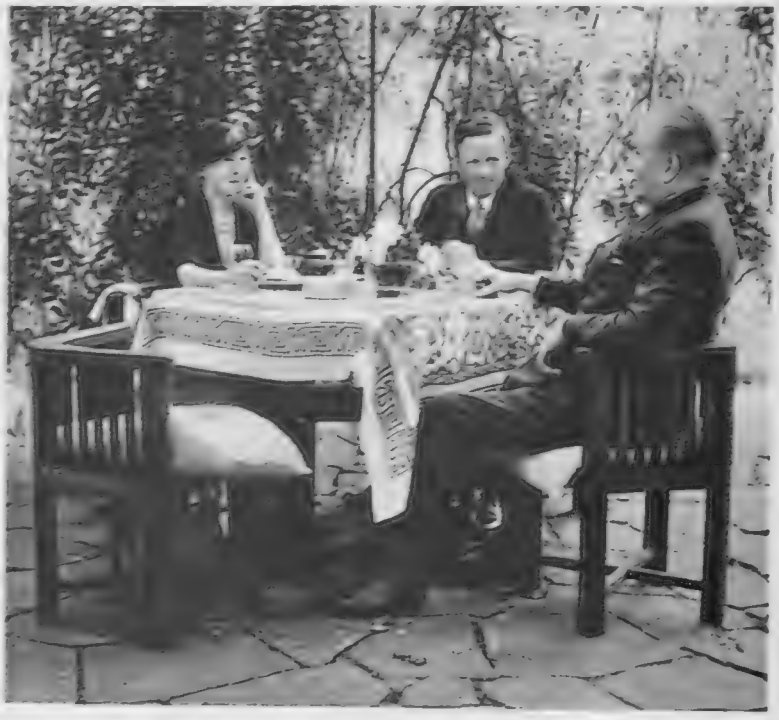
The "Bystander" Book Shelf

Peace and War: By A. G. Macdonell

MR. THOMAS MOULT'S *Bat and Ball* (Barker; 15s.) is a collection of essays and stories and sketches about cricket. It is a curious medley, sometimes very interesting, sometimes rather annoying. The omissions are odd, and some of the inclusions even more so. For example, one chapter is devoted to short essays by "Six Great Bowlers." They include Mr. A. E. R. Gilligan and Bowes, of Yorkshire, but not Sidney Barnes, E. A. Macdonald, Grimmett, or Mailey. There is an excellent introduction by Mr. Moult, and a collection of anecdotes that are without exception the feeblest I have ever encountered. There is a magnificent photograph of "W. G." described, and rightly, "the perfect off-drive"; there is another of "W.G.'s" back-swing described, Heaven knows why, as "the perfect push-stroke." There is a chapter on University cricket which does not mention the Studds, or A. G. Steel, or Hubert Ashton's declaration of the innings closed when he had made ninety not out, having made a century in the previous year. There is little about Macartney, nothing about Bradman. Trumper, that exquisite genius, is praised by Mr. P. F. Warner, but where is Spofforth, the Demon, or Turner the Terror? Where are that irresistible pair, Barnes and Foster, and where Tom Hayward?

Far and away the best thing about *Bat and Ball* are the beloved old photographs of Mr. G. W. Beldam. How we used to adore them in the days of long ago, and here are some of them returned from the darkness of Styx. Shall I ever forget the photograph of Ranji with his feet crossed, glancing the ball away to leg, or of Rhodes with his right arm in the air and his deadly left on the point of swinging over, or of Long John (of Pudsey) Tunnicliffe catching a slip-catch? A very salutary chapter is contributed by Mr. Hugh de Selincourt on some of the bad features of modern, high-class, club cricket. Far too often the star batsmen of the club enjoy a long innings on Saturday after Saturday while the lesser lights never get a knock at all, and, after sitting for hours and hours in the pavilion, get discouraged and turn to golf.

THERE are war-books and war-books. Some are grim, some are semi-humorous, some are the vain-glorious boastings of stupid generals and puffed-up politicians, some are propaganda, and some are poetry. In the grim category, and right at the top of the class, comes *Paths of Glory* (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.), by Humphrey Cobb. Mr. Cobb is an American, but he clearly served on the French front with the French armies. Otherwise he could not have written with such an authentic note of first-hand experience. The story is taken from history—from that hideous moment when Nivelle evolved an impossible plan of a great break-through at the Chemin des Dames, and the impossibility was reinforced by a leakage of the plans to the Germans. The heroic infantry went over the top and were mowed down in tens of thousands; the survivors refused to fight any longer, so the heroic generals and still more heroic politicians ordered dozens of them to be shot in order to encourage the rest. It is a gruesome story, and Mr. Cobb brings out its deadly horror. A battalion is mown down in a hopeless attack; the infuriated general, who has watched the debacle from a safe distance, orders a man to be selected from each of the four companies and shot for cowardice. One company-commander flatly refuses to obey the order and is instantly ordered under arrest by the general. Then someone points out that there is a very influential Senator of the same name as the recalcitrant company officer who might easily be a relation. Hastily the arrest is called off, and only three victims are provided for the farcical-tragical trial. They are all brave men, the three victims, but that does not matter. One has the Medaille Militaire and the Croix de Guerre, but that does not matter. They are automatically found guilty and shot next morning. *Paths of Glory* is a terrible book, but it is the sort of book that must be written, and written, and written, until the spirit of militarism is crushed for ever.



Interview for a Life Story

Hector Bolitho (centre) is dining with Marie Tempest and her husband, W. Graham Browne, in the garden of their London house. He is at work, at present, on a biography of his hostess. She and her husband are appearing in a play called "Short Story" towards the end of October

MR. R. J. MINNEY wrote a successful play called *Clive of India* not so long ago, and he was invited to go to Hollywood to write the scenario for a film of it. He went, and he has recorded some of his experiences of that fantastic place in a book called, rather neatly, *Hollywood by Starlight* (Chapman and Hall; 7s. 6d.). It might be thought that people were getting a bit tired of the antics of that freakish community, but there is something so wildly impossible about them that one always returns to lap up more news, more stories, more anecdotes. Mr. Minney describes all the standard sights and doings with a pleasant, unaffected pen, and succeeds in retailing a lot of gossip without ever becoming gossipy. It is full of such remarks as "Gloria Swanson came in," or "Jane Baxter lunched with me next day," or "here I met Nancy Carroll." It is all very chatty and familiar-like, and I am sure that thousands of film-fans will get a huge kick out of taking vicarious cups of tea with Jean Harlow or standing, by proxy, a drink to Wallace Beery. The most interesting chapter is about the enigmatic Mr. Chaplin.

"MAYFLY" (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 7s. 6d.), by Miss Eleanor Helme, is a simple, pleasant tale of horses and dogs and young folk and Dunkery Beacon and Exmoor and stags. Fortunately, for me, at any rate, who cannot abide such things, there is no stag-hunting as I had feared at first that there would be. There is much amiable chatter, and capital description of the moors and the heather, and a horse show, and a fist-fight with the usual right ending. *Mayfly* would make an excellent holiday book for youngish people.

MESSRS. FABER AND FABER have published a most unusual anthology in *My Best Animal Story* (7s. 6d.). It contains twenty-four short stories, each selected by its author, and it is full value for the money. For among the authors are numbered Mr. Hugh Walpole, Mr. Henry Williamson, Miss G. B. Stern, Mr. Ernest Thompson Seton, Mr. Cherry Kearton, and Mr. Algernon Blackwood. In fact, almost the only writer of animal-stories that is missing is the most famous of them all, Mr. R. Kipling.

FASHION . . .

as it flies . . . by Elizabeth

There is nothing like fur for keeping out cold winds and making life easier during the winter months. The coat on the right is made of natural mink paw, and may be seen at Fortnum and Mason, Piccadilly. The pelts are worked in a herring-bone design, giving an effect of light and shade. A leather belt encircles the waist, though this may be discarded for town wear. In the same way, the turn-down collar which fastens up to the neck may be worn open. As an alternative for everyday use, there are smart kid paw coats, either full-length or three-quarter. These vary in colour from nigger brown to grey, and are sold from 15 guineas. Short-haired furs will be fashionable this season, especially for trimmings, short capes and coats

A Coat and Suit for the Country

Here is one of the new embossed Motoluxe coats from Elvery's, 31, Conduit Street. It is ideal for the country, motoring, or travelling, and is lined throughout with llama worsted cloth. In spite of its warmth, it is quite light and only costs 8 guineas. The colours include straw, oatmeal, brown and black. There are also delightful rubberproof coats with a tweed finish and becoming overcheck. They are cut on particularly slimming lines, and have a good wrap-over in front. Apart from these there are waterproofs specially designed for riding and for women who ride side-saddle, they are cut with a one-sided fullness which protects the knees

Green and white check tweed makes the suit on the right. It is designed by Smee's, 55, South Molton Street, and has a short belted coat which fastens up to the neck with green ball buttons. There are four patch pockets and a yoke across the back of the shoulders. The skirt is well-tailored with a deep pleat back and front. Every order is personally supervised by Mr. Smee, who is an expert and thoroughly appreciates the importance of line and cut. Coats, suits, and ensembles are made from 6 guineas, while there is a large selection of materials to choose from. Patterns of these, including a self-measurement form, will be sent free on application

Photographs by Lenare

THE BYSTANDER TWINS in search of NOVELTIES

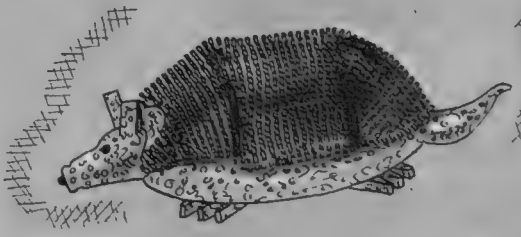
Discovered by Peta; pictured by Pam.

Honeysuckle is one of the many delightful flower perfumes created by Floris, 89, Jermyn Street. Its delicate fragrance suggests the charm of country lanes and old-world gardens, while it is obtainable for as little as 6s. 6d. a bottle. Toilet Powder and soap accompany it

Here is something new in the way of sun hats for sports enthusiasts. It may be worn equally well at the seaside, and is designed with a green talc eye shade, which forms part of the brim. The crown is ventilated by perforated insertions in the front

Women who are fond of sewing will welcome the news that J. and P. Coats are making reels measuring one mile of cotton, instead of the average two or three hundred yards

No wardrobe is complete without a Braemar jumper or scarf. These are sold nearly everywhere, and are made by Innes Henderson, of Hawick. The three models illustrated are expressed in fine cashmere, while contrasting shades are introduced in the scarves



Children who are obstinate about baths will delight in this hedgehog, which is nothing less than a rubber sponge. The bristles may be used as a nail-brush

Players in the Borough of Deal Challenge Cup

Carol Powers (Royal Cinque Ports) beat Prince Gaekwar of Baroda (Beaconsfield) by 6 and 4 in the first round. He was himself beaten in the fifth round by G. C. Burton

R. O. Burlison (Royal Cinque Ports) was a first round loser to J. D. Kerr (Denham) by 3 and 2. The latter didn't survive the second round, but lost to G. C. Burton, a semi-finalist

J. H. Cooper (Royal Cinque Ports) played K. W. Konstam (Tandridge) in the first round, and won 4 and 3, but was knocked out in the second round. The Cup was won by the Hon. D. Montagu, with A. G. S. Penman as runner-up

Amateur Championships at St. Andrews: By J. S. F. Morrison

THE Championship Committee of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews has announced that the Amateur Championship of 1936 will be played at St. Andrews in the week beginning May 25th, and that the Open Championship will be played at Hoylake in the week beginning June 22nd.

Ever since 1906, whenever the Amateur Championship has been played at St. Andrews, the Open Championship has been played at Hoylake. The Royal and Ancient Golf Club, as everyone knows, is the most famous golf club in Scotland, and the Royal Liverpool in the mind of most golfers, except, perhaps, the members of the Royal North Devon Club, is the most famous in England. It is a coincidence that the most famous clubs in England and Scotland should house championships during the same year.

THE year 1930, which was the last time the Amateur was played at St. Andrews, will be famous in the history of the game for ever, as it was the year that R. T. Jones, of Atalanta, U.S.A., won the Amateur and Open Championships of this country, and also of America, a performance that it is almost certain will never be repeated by any golfer. Of these championships, it was the Amateur Championship at St. Andrews which caused him most trouble and anxiety, and he was decidedly lucky to win, more lucky than most champions.

It is very seldom indeed that any golfer has won a championship solely by good play; it is almost essential for him on some occasions during his progress to final victory to have a bit of good luck, or for his opponent to be unlucky, which, in the end, comes to the same thing.

JONES, in 1930, only beat Tolley at the 19th hole, with the help of a stymie, and was lucky to be allowed to play an extra hole, as, at the 17th, his second shot hit the crowd at the back of the green and bounced back on to it, with the result that he holed out in four. Against George Voigt, who some of the American Walker Cup Team considered an even better putter than Jones himself, he was two down with five holes to play. In this match, Voigt drove out of bounds at the long 14th hole; it is always easy to drive out of bounds, but this shot of Voigt's was, under the circumstances, criminal, as the wind was against the players, and no one on earth, not even Jones, could possibly get home in two shots, and, in these conditions, the left-hand route from the tee is not only the best, but also the safest. Voigt was palpably anxious and nervous, and elected to play before the crowd, which was enormous, had had time to settle down. I have always been of the opinion that, if Voigt had been better advised by his caddie concerning this shot, Jones would never have scrambled out of the hole he was in. Upset by this disaster, Voigt missed two short putts on the 15th and 18th greens; in fact, on the 18th green, he actually had a putt for the hole, but was short, and missed the next to lose the hole, the match, and almost certainly the championship.

AFTER his successes of 1930, Jones played little golf until a few weeks ago, when he actually delayed an operation for appendicitis to play in an exhibition match with Miss Wethered, soon after her arrival in America. Jones had played with Miss Wethered before at St. Andrews, and, like everyone else, was very impressed with her play. In this match (it was a four-ball), Miss Wethered produced the best golf of the four players concerned, all of whom had represented their various countries at the game.

ST. ANDREWS is considered, all over the world, the home of golf, and, consequently, when a championship takes place there the entry is very large; in 1930, 271 players entered, which is the record entry.

It was the lure of St. Andrews that brought Miss Wethered out of retirement in 1929, to win another championship; she had decided not to play in any more championships, but she could not resist the opportunity of winning a championship on the most famous links in the world.

It is often stated that the Amateur Championship does not always produce a worthy champion (I am not going to argue here whether it does or does not), but no one can possibly say that the Old Course at St. Andrews has ever produced an unworthy winner.

AMONG the winners of the Amateur Championship when played at St. Andrews, are the names of many of the most famous golfers of all time. It is well worth mentioning them all. R. T. Jones, as you know, won in 1930, and in 1924, Sir E. W. Holderness, who I consider the best amateur golfer that this country has produced since the war, was successful. Other winners at St. Andrews are H. H. Hilton, in 1901 and 1913, John Ball in 1907, Leslie M. Balfour Melville in 1895, the only first-class cricketer to win the Amateur Golf Championship; J. E. Laidlay in 1891, and Horace G. Hutchinson in 1886. All of these are household names in the world of golf.

For some years, St. Andrews was credited with having held the first Amateur Championship in 1886, but a few years ago it was decided that as the meeting held at Hoylake in 1885, was in everything but name a championship, it should rank as the first Amateur Championship, and thus A. F. Macfie became the first winner, instead of H. G. Hutchinson.

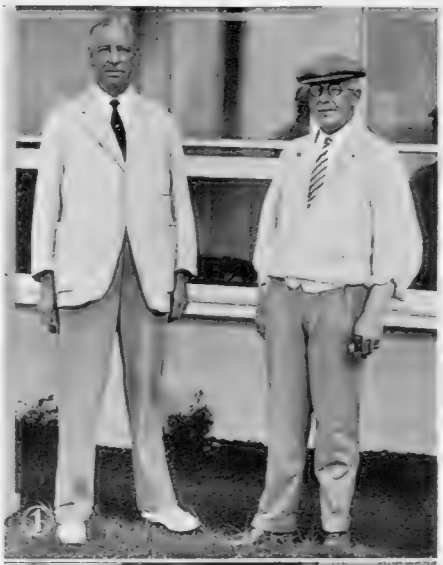
ST. ANDREWS may possibly be the scene of another golf record next year, as W. Lawson Little can win the Championship in three consecutive years, a feat that has not yet been performed. Little's two consecutive wins is not a record, as Hilton won in 1900 and 1901, and Hutchinson in 1886 and 1887.

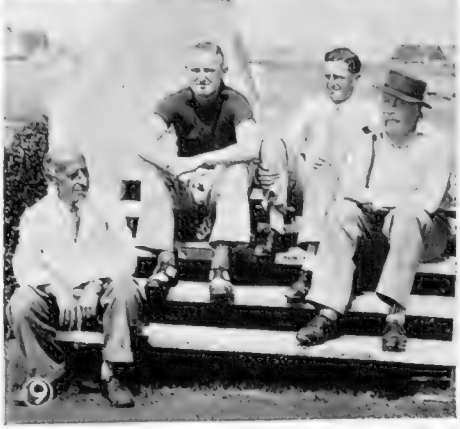
Little, when he received the Championship Cup at Prestwick in 1934, definitely stated that he would play again this year, but when he received it at St. Anne's this year, he said he thought that it was extremely unlikely that he would be able to defend his title in 1936. Let us hope that the lure of St. Andrews and the chance of being the first player to win in three consecutive years will cause him to change his mind.

Golf Clubs At Home

Littlehampton, Sussex

The Club-house Has a Very Nautical Air





(1) J. R. Mulliner, the secretary, and A. Cairns, the captain. (2) N. R. Crute, A. L. Furneaux (committee) and R. K. Furneaux. (3) D. S. Petty, C. A. Butt, and K. O. Petty. (4) J. M. Bryan and T. A. Troughton. (5) A. W. Woods and H. Riseborough, the professional. (6) Colonel G. Conder and H. P. Hovenden. (7) C. J. Manchee, Professor C. J. Sisson, and N. G. Hunt. (8) G. B. M. Gray, R. Clayton Rogers and A. C. Marples. (9) A. Kiddall, G. Wightman, F. S. Neate and W. H. Anketell

Women's Golf:

The Near Future

By Eleanor E. Helme

A Threesome in Switzerland—

Douglas Fairbanks has been playing golf at St. Moritz—in the Swiss Open Amateur Championship, and for Spain in an inter-club match. He is with Senora de Gandarias, Spanish champion and international, and Senora de Ybarra, champion of Puerta de Hierro, Spain

—And a Foursome in Scotland

Miss Pamela Cayzer, Sir Herbert Cayzer's daughter, Miss Kathleen Hennessy, youngest daughter of Sir George Hennessy, Miss Joan Maddin, Pamela Cayzer's cousin, and Miss B. Cox, played their game on the Gleneagles Hotel course

Dear Bystander,

Isn't it difficult to keep a right proportion over things? I hardly feel as if I had done justice to Miss Audrey Holmes' splendid win of the German Championship, fitting reward for a player who has seemed overdue for a title ever since she was accounted the best stylist in the 1927 Girls' Championship, but failed to win it. And then there is the really grand performance of our British Touring Team in Australia, who have yet (touch wood) to lose a single game. Their exploits, however, had best wait till we get another of Mrs. Hodson's delightful despatches; the one from her this week only tells what had already come by Air Mail from an unofficial source, repeating what a wonderful time they were given in Bombay by the members of the Willingdon Club.

But what I want to chat about this week is not anything that has happened, but what is about to. The Girls' International Match at Stoke Poges, though in the future at the moment of writing, will be over by the time this letter sees daylight, so any prophecy would be not merely rash, but imbecile. Moreover, I simply have no definite opinion as to who ought to win, or who will. All there is to be said at the moment is that it was amazingly generous of Captain Smoyan, donor of the cup, to let us increase the sides to seven when the entry came in full of quality as well as quantity, for the original idea had been five only. But that seven is all to the good, not only for the pleasure of the players, but also their golfing education. This may not be a full-blooded official international under L.G.U. jurisdiction, in which to play for Scotland or England now is irrevocable as doom hereafter in the choice of golfing nationality; but it is training in the right sort of battling spirit, nineteenth hole for a halved match, and all that sort of strenuosity. The encouragement of selection is apparently great: Miss Thelma Ramsey, who plays fourth for England, celebrated the latter telling her of that fact by winning a competition and reducing her handicap to six, whilst Miss Sonia Swinburn Johnson worked away like a Trojan to reduce hers to five before entries closed, for fear that she would not get into the team. Of course, there is always a danger of getting a handicap down lower than a player can consistently play to, especially when the reduction comes in the summer. It means that the golfer must grit her teeth in the face of losing matches and failing to win medals, and give her mind chiefly to improving the weak spots in her game until she is really worth the lower handicap. Presumably on the day when she did the reducing score, those weak spots were temporarily strong, as they may be sometimes: when the strength becomes permanent, then the handicap is well and truly earned.

It is almost as stupid to try and forecast the result of the Girls' Championship before it is played as of their International after! Nobody would have picked Miss Nancy Jupp last year, and I am not going to drop bricks by saying whether I think her likely or not to repeat her win, nor who amongst the forty-three others will succeed her if she does not. There is rare good stuff and low handicaps in the draw, some of it known by performances in grown-up competitions, some, possibly no less promising, which is, so far, unknown. In a tight pinch experience has a way of telling, but that need not mean that this Championship will not go to somebody making their first attempt on it. It is delightful to see the two daughters of M. and Mme. Wagliano competing: their parents have done so much for golf in France and England, not least by giving the extraordinarily attractive cup for the ladies' France v. England match, and Mme. Wagliano, of course, captained the French side at Worplesdon this year.

In fact, the stage seems set for a great week at Stoke Poges, not forgetting the dance for the Girls at Stoke Court.

Sociability and hospitality are growing more and more inseparable from this Royal and Ancient game. The Forum Club, for example, are most generously offering honorary membership during the Autumn Foursomes to all competitors therein, which includes the chance of booking a bedroom to stay there, while plans are already well in the making for the annual Bystander dinner on the night of Thursday, October 10th. Miss Farr is doing her annual share; so is Mrs. Conquest and Miss Hasluck, of the Sports Section, and it ought to be a most cheery evening. Full details appear with the entrance form on p. viii.

And now the Brocton Hall Scratch Open Mixed Foursomes are announced for the week-end, Saturday, October 26th to Monday, 28th; holders, Mrs. M. L. Clark and Mrs. Henry Longhurst. They are always a sociable event.

Yours ever, Eleanor E. Helme.

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3 linen pillow cases . .	(4/- each).
3 large bath towels . .	(4/- each).
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The Race for the King's Cup: By Charles Ward

Left: children take to the air much more readily than they take to water. Here is John Askey Wood, aged two, after a first flight with his uncle, Flight-Lt. Milne, an instructor with the Reading Aero Club. Nephew enjoyed himself so much that he has asked for a flight every day

Below: one of the best known owner-pilots is Sir Alfred Beit, who bought a Miles "Hawk" at the end of last year and uses it constantly for business and pleasure trips

A Jubilee Event

THE Race for the King's Cup, the only classic in the aviation calendar during this Jubilee year, takes place at Hatfield on Friday and Saturday next, September 6th and 7th. For those who are not familiar with the de Havilland aerodrome, it is on the Barnet By-pass, 45 minutes from the centre of London by car and accessible by Green Line Coach from King's Cross, buses passing the aerodrome gates. Given good weather for the circuit of Britain which occupies the first day's eliminating contest, there should be an exciting finish on Saturday, when twenty pilots will be cornering over the aerodrome seven times in two hours. The final starts at 3 p.m., prior to which, competing 'planes will be lined up in front of the public enclosure. Racing numbers on tailplanes are sufficiently large to enable the public to follow their fancy as it circles the pylon after each lap, in addition to which, an elaborate system of loud-speakers has been installed to inform the crowd of progress at other turning points. Handicapping has been so arranged that the first man past the post will be the actual winner.

Personalities in the Race

MANY famous pilots are taking part and two women are included in the list of starters: Mrs. E. Battye, flying her own Miles "Hawk Major," and Miss R. Slow, who has entered a Speed VI from the same family. Owen Cathcart-Jones is piloting the Hawk Trainer with Gipsy VI, a new type recently completed by Phillips and Powis for their R.A.F. Reserve training school. "Ken" Waller, who was with Cathcart-Jones in the "Comet" when they flew to Australia and back in thirteen and a half days, is flying a Percival Gull. Captain de Havilland, the veteran designer, has handed over the controls of his new twin four-five seater to his sons, Geoffrey and Peter. This type, the de H 90, is making its first public appearance. W. L. Hope, winner of the Cup on no fewer than three previous occasions, is flying a Comper "Swift" with a Gipsy III, the smallest 'plane in the race. T.K.2 is a dark horse designed and built by the students of the de H. Technical School, and to be flown by Hubert Broad, the famous test pilot for de Havilland products. The entry has been made possible by the generosity of Lord Wakefield, and the design was chosen by de H. himself from a number submitted by the students. The 'plane is a low wing cabin monoplane with a Gipsy Major.

Touring the Empire by Air

TRAFFIC returns from Imperial Airways reveal a tremendous increase in the popularity of the Empire services and this applies to mails and freight as well as passengers. On the route to India and the Far East, the increase during May for instance, was 100 per cent. over the same month last year. The passenger-mile total at the end of the first quarter this year reached nearly to six million, compared with nearly four million at the same time last year.

At the Clubs and Schools

I SAW the "Phœnix" flying at Heston towards the end of last month. It is the first product of the Heston Aircraft Company, which has nothing to do with Airwork, Ltd., except in the matter of the friendly relationship existing between landlord and tenant; nor has the "Phœnix" any connection with the mythological bird of that name. Its shape is that of a high wing monoplane, containing five seats and powered with a Gipsy VI. The company is the successor to the Comper factory, Flight-Lieut. Nicholas Comper being now a consultant, with a particular interest in the Asboth Helicopter to be built by Blackburn's at Brough. Mr. R. V. L'Estrange Malone was demonstrating the Short "Scion" in Ireland at a recent party given by the Irish Aero Club at Baldonnel. He flew five people to Cork and back to prove that an economical air service was possible between the two cities. The Flying Montagu's have been puzzling the Customs Houses of Europe, for no less than three of them, not one related to another, have been touring the Continent, using 'planes registered with the same company, Air Hire of Heston. One was Lady Louise Montagu, a daughter of the Duke of Manchester, who learned to fly at Heston. Another, Mr. Michael Montagu, a Cambridge undergraduate, who was in the news some weeks ago on returning from an adventurous tour of Europe and North Africa by Moth. The third, perhaps the best known, was the Hon. Drogo Montagu, who flies everywhere. The middle Sunday in August provided a record for that day at Brooklands, forty-nine hours being logged on Club machines. The day started with members on the defensive against a determined attack for free breakfasts by a Dawn Patrol. Twelve Club machines intercepted to such good purpose that only one of the "enemy" secured a free meal. Thirty-four 'planes took part and seventy-odd breakfasts were duly consumed and paid for. The Wakefield Cup, for which there was a race at Lympne during the International Air Rally, was won by M. G. Hansez from Belgium, flying a Caudron "Simoun." Starting scratch, he covered the 48 mile course at an average speed of 177½ which was also the fastest time for the day.

I met a boy friend down at Beaulieu
Whose conduct was coarse and unreaulieu,
But Schweppes Tonic each meal
Soon brought him to heel
And he deaulieu proposed to Yours Treaulieu.

Schweppes
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The Illusionist *(Cont. from page 406)*

looking after Barbara, so I gathered that all was well.

"Barbara, she said, was very tired; how was I? I said that I was going to do some shopping—and Mrs. Ayland asked me if I 'd mind taking back the fancy dress. 'Such a pretty one,' she said, and I agreed—but I was not thinking of Jane Austen.

"I got back to lunch, but the Aylands were out. I was surprised—but it was not till tea-time that I made enquiries. Then I learnt that all three had paid their bill and gone. And even then I did not understand. I thought that Barbara would write.

"But two or three days later I talked to the old man in the pawnshop. Of course he remembered. It was not the first time that a lady had sold him a trinket with a promise that it would be redeemed in half an hour; but in this case the lady was so young, so—so unspoilt.

"And then" (Mr. Lomax said with a sad smile) "I learnt the danger of casual hotel acquaintance."

"BUT—how was it done? And—who? I don't understand." I stammered, "The girl was searched and——"

"The Aylands were all in it—and Mr. Brown too. If Salomé had been thoroughly searched, it would not have mattered. What they ought to have searched was the Baptist's Head, lying in the dance room. Why, I remembered how, as we drove home, I could have sworn that St. John's tongue moved and glistened; St. John's ruby tongue.

"You mean that the head on the charger——"

"Was a prepared property. The Salomé dress was not hired at all."

"And the Marquise's pearls?" I asked.

"Perhaps a sudden inspiration," said Mr. Lomax with a shrug. "I believe she flicked off the lights with the charger. She knew what I should do. She had only to push me away, tear off the pendant and slip it into its hiding place. Then she clung to me, and when the Marquise bumped into us——"

"You think she snatched the pearls then?"

"That 's what I think," said Mr. Lomax. "The Marquise spoke in the darkness; easy to identify.

"But the girl—Barbara was holding on to you," I objected.

"The easiest illusion," said Mr. Lomax. "Shut your eyes, let someone grip your arm; you feel the grip long after its release."

I doubted it. Mr. Lomax said he could show me. But he didn't. I knew directly he let go of my arm.

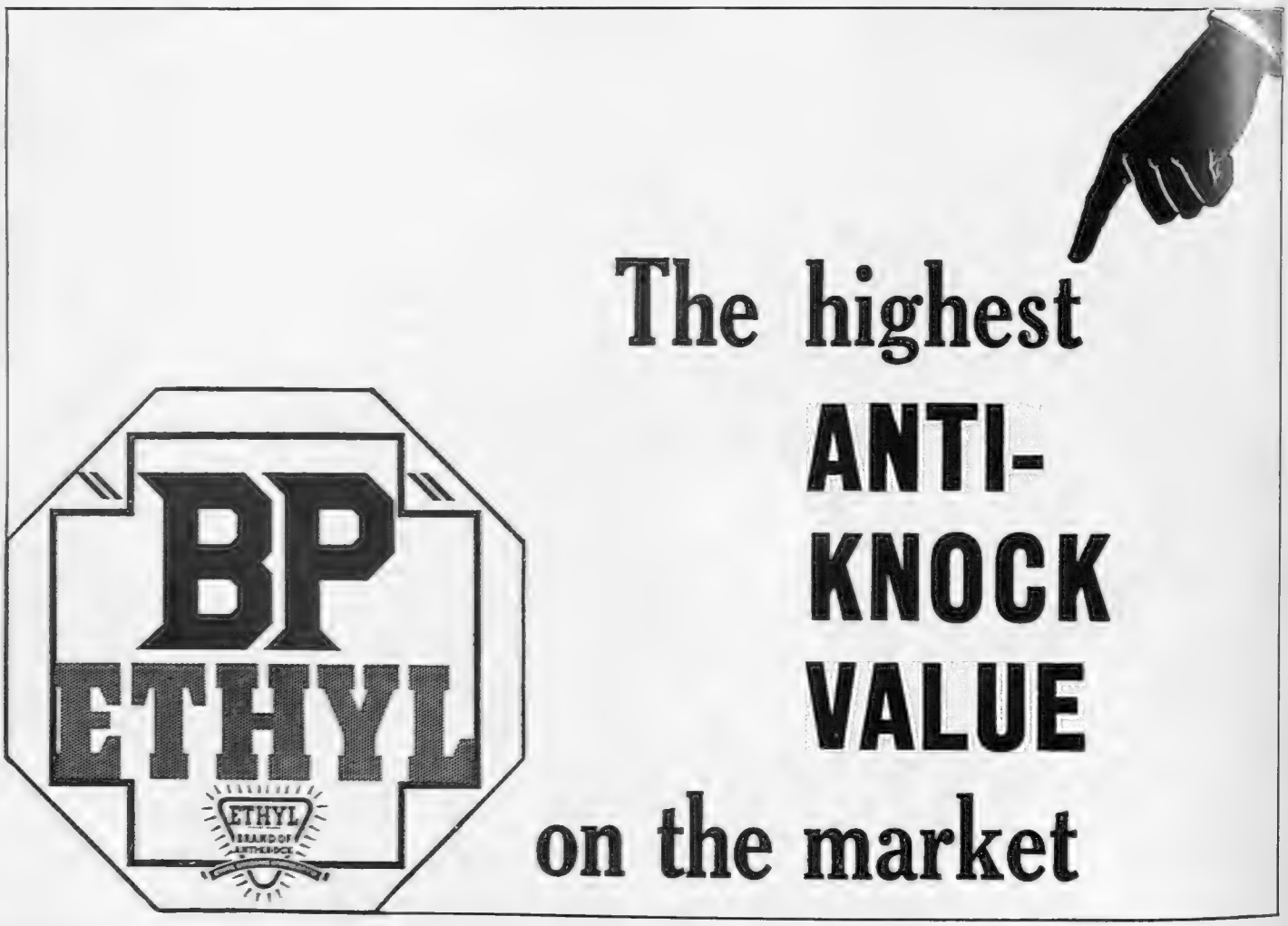
His story seemed to have fallen flat and I felt that there was a missing link. Of course; the man whose seat Mr. Lomax had taken.

"You should have asked me if I ever saw little Barbara again," he told me "And then I should have said, 'Yes, once. In Paris; and she saw me first—my scar, I expect—and slipped away; and I had only just time to see that her companion was the man whose holiday-name was Brown; the man whose talk with you I interrupted. My scar again, no doubt."

MR. GREGORY LOMAX and I had a last drink—and I never saw him again. As far as I could discover, he himself sent that parcel to my room, as a kind of introduction. And all that he wanted was to lead up to the moment when I shut my eyes and let him grip my arm. I missed my pocket-book when I went to bed; as Mr. Lomax had guessed, a well-filled pocket-book. His name, of course, was no more Lomax than his beard or scar were real. The art of the illusionist is to take trouble.

As for "Mr. Brown," I got to know him pretty well. A prosperous barrister; he left me in such a hurry because a lady came out of the dining-room. He had talked to me out of sheer nervousness . . . I think that the most annoying thing of all was having to congratulate Mr. Brown on his engagement to the lady.

THE END.



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Modern Aids to Beauty

How to Repair a Weatherbeaten Skin

HOLIDAYS for most people are over, or at any rate nearly over, and the question arises of how to restore a weatherbeaten complexion. Perhaps the term weatherbeaten is rather too strong, nevertheless a great many skins do become very hard and leathery, especially among people who motor a lot or who spend their time boating. Wind and a constant salt spray are bound to dry up the natural oils which help to nourish the skin, with the result that crows' feet spring up round the eyes, and the laughing lines deepen perceptibly. It is no use pretending that one evening's intensive treatment will repair all the damage, because it won't. In fact, it is a great mistake to be anything but gentle. At night a rich cleansing cream or lotion should be used. Then, when the skin is thoroughly clean, massage in a good Skin Food, with a slow circular movement, taking care not to stretch the muscles round the eyes. If the skin is very dry and flaky, leave the skin food on all night so that it has longer to do its work of feeding and stimulating the underlying tissues and muscles. The neck, too, should be treated, as even in the very young it has a tendency to become crepy. In the morning, wash with cold water to close relaxed pores and stimulate the circulation, then dry with a soft towel.

Bassano

It is the ambition of every woman to possess a lovely skin. Treatment should be gentle and regular, especially with complexions that have become extra sensitive through too much exposure to sun and sea. Generous feeding with a rich skin food will nourish the underlying tissues and smooth away lines and crow's-feet. Make-up should be subtle and discreet, while rouge and lipstick must always harmonise

Make-up for Day and Evening

MAKE-UP is probably the most vital point in a beauty treatment, as it can make or mar a woman's appearance. For day, it should be subdued and as natural as possible. Purple shades of rouge should be avoided as they are cold, and such colours as tangerine and poppy are preferable. For the woman who is very sun-brown, there is a lovely coral shade which blends admirably and is in harmony with the new autumn browns and greens. Cream rouge is preferable to powder for the "after holiday" skin, and should be applied in conjunction with a cream foundation, followed by light dusting with powder, and here again, the question of colour is important. Ochre, dark rachel and a warm peach are three becoming shades. Lipstick must, of course, tone with the rouge, and mascara or eye-shadow should be used sparingly. In the evening, however, a much brighter and stronger make-up is permissible for the woman who wishes to appear brilliant and vivacious, while for the exotic type, there is the much admired alabaster finish, which entails practically no rouge. Green powder is used instead, together with a pale, transparent lipstick. Interest is centred round the eyes which are made to look large and lustrous with eye-shadow and mascara. The shape of these may be altered by extending the corners and eyebrows with a black or blue pencil, according to the colour of the eyes.

The "Bystander's"

LADIES' AUTUMN FOURSOMES

(14th Year) Ranelagh, October 8th, 9th, 10th and 11th, 1935

and

LADIES' ROEHAMPTON FOURSOMES

(11th Year) Roehampton, October 8th, 9th, 10th and 11th, 1935

By kind invitation of the respective clubs.

RANELAGH: Challenge Cups and replicas to winners, prizes to runners-up and semi-finalists.

ROEHAMPTON: Prizes to winners, runners-up and semi-finalists.

CONDITIONS

Entries, made on the accompanying entrance form, will be received up to Thursday, September 19th, *without limit of number or handicap, and will be acknowledged by postcard. Such acknowledgment does not necessarily mean that the entrants will be entitled to play.*

On September 19th the 128 couples with the lowest joint handicaps will be drawn to play in the match play tournament at Ranelagh; playing limit for any couple, 18. The 128 couples with the next lowest joint handicaps will be drawn to play in the match play tournament at Roehampton; playing limit for any couple, 30. The remaining couples will be placed in order of their joint handicaps on a waiting list from which vacancies will be filled. In the case of two or more couples having the same handicap, priority of entry will decide their order.

If more than 256 couples enter, vacancies caused by withdrawals in the Autumn Foursomes at Ranelagh will be filled by the lowest handicap couples in the Roehampton Foursomes: vacancies in the Roehampton Foursomes by the lowest handicap couples on the waiting list. Should there be no waiting list, walk-overs will be given to the opponents in whichever tournament the scratching occurs.

Reductions of handicap should be notified at once to Miss E. E. Helme.

Pairs who have reached any BYSTANDER Foursomes final during 1934 or 1935 whether Autumn, Northern, Scottish or Roehampton, will, if entering together, have the option of being put into the Ranelagh draw whatever their handicap, but cannot play on more than the limit of 18. Such entries should be clearly marked *Finalists*, and the entrants *must* state in which tournament they wish to play.

Entries will be accepted from foreign competitors at their home handicaps if they have no L.G.U. handicaps.

Both foursomes will be played as match play tournaments under ¾ths of the difference in combined handicaps, limited as above. Halved matches to be played to a finish, strokes, if any, being taken at the same holes as in a complete round.

Competitors may choose their own partners, and in the event of the original partner failing, may substitute another up to the time play starts, *if they notify Miss E. E. Helme* of the change.

The Directors of the BYSTANDER reserve to themselves the right to accept or refuse any entry and to alter or amend any of these conditions. The decision of the Golf Editor is final on all points.

FORUM CLUB HOSPITALITY

The Forum Club, 6, Grosvenor Place, S.W.1, most generously give Honorary Membership to all competitors during the Autumn Foursomes. As bedroom accommodation is limited, those wishing to avail themselves of this privilege by staying there should apply as soon as possible to the Secretary there. Visitors' tickets for other competitors will be obtainable from BYSTANDER officials at Ranelagh and Roehampton.

THE ANNUAL "BYSTANDER" DINNER

kindly arranged by the Sports Section of the Forum Club, will be held there on Thursday, October 10th. Tickets 5s. 6d. obtainable from the Secretary.

ENTRANCE FORM

Ranelagh and Roehampton, 1935 — No Entrance Fee

To be sent to Miss E. E. Helme, the BYSTANDER Office, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2, not later than Thursday, September 19th.

Ladies' Autumn Foursomes—
Ranelagh, October 8th, 9th, 10th and 11th

Roehampton Foursomes—
Roehampton, October 8th, 9th, 10th and 11th

(PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS)

Please enter
Mrs. / *Miss* ..... *of* ..... *Club*

L.G.U. Handicap .....

Home Address ..... *Telephone No.* .....

To play in whichever of the above Foursomes she is eligible for by handicap with her partner

Mrs. / *Miss* ..... *of* ..... *Club*

L.G.U. Handicap .....

Home Address ..... *Telephone No.* .....

Any alteration of partner or handicap, change of address or telephone number to be notified at once, please, to Miss Helme at the above address

All entries for the BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the* BYSTANDER *during the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 346, Strand, W.C.2, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

THE "BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON — SEPTEMBER

Name { *Mrs.* / *Miss* } .....

Address .....

.....

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• GETTING MARRIED

The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Kay Vaughan

Mary Sinclair

Is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edgcumbe Sinclair, of Emery Down, Lyndhurst, Hants, and is engaged to Flying-Officer A. V. Sawyer, R.A.F., son of H. H. Sawyer, and of the late Mrs. Sawyer, of Bombay

Douglas

Mary Louise Lewis

Is engaged to Felix J. N. Nabarro, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph N. Nabarro, of 87, Priory Road, N.W.; her parents are Mr. and Mrs. Sydney F. Lewis, of 7, Minster Road, N.W.2

Pearl Freeman

Helen Kirby

Is marrying Captain Raynold Phillips, Gloucestershire Regiment, son of Mrs. R. Phillips, of Milford, Surrey, on September 21st; she is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Kirby, of Ive Mill House, Maidstone, Kent

Lenare

Linda Kinnear Hall

Is engaged to Robert Scott Fisher, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Fisher, of the Knowle, Eastbourne; she is the only child of Mr. and Mrs. David Kinnear Hall, of Stavely Road, Eastbourne, and late of Calcutta

Navana

Elisabeth Mettlich

Is the daughter of Herr and Frau Geheimer Justizrat Mettlich, of Cologne, and is marrying this autumn Mervyn C. Mander, of Wightwick Manor, Wolverhampton, son of G. Le M. Mander, M.P., and Mrs. Sidebottom

Lilyan Chaytor

Is engaged to Ralph Lawson, eldest son of Sir Henry Lawson, of Brough Hall, Catterick, Yorks; she is the eldest daughter of the late Sir Edmund Chaytor, of Witton Castle, Witton-le-Wear, Durham

Kay Vaughan

Josephine Hood Smith

Is to marry Dr. Claud P. F. Boulden, son of the Rev. J. L. Boulden, of 66, Wellington Road, Bournemouth; she is the daughter of Samuel Hood Smith, of Saskatoon, Canada, and Mrs. Hood Smith, of 23, The Beach, Walmer, and niece of Admiral Sir Dudley Pound

Bassano

Dilys Marten

Is engaged to Prinz Louis Schonburg-Hartenstein, son of Prinz Johannes Schonburg-Hartenstein, of Vienna; her parents are Major E. R. Marten and Mrs. G. T. Marten, late of Hinton Court, Hereford, now of Tenby, Pembrokeshire

Vandyk

Mary Hunt

Mary Hunt and Clinton J. D. Cory, son of the late Sir Donald Cory, and Lady Cory, of Silverton, Llandaff, are being married at Derby Cathedral on Sept. 14th; her parents are Dr. and Mrs. A. Douglas Hunt, of Park Grange, Derby

Fayer of Vienna

Honor Strong

Is engaged to William S. Parker, son of the late Harry Parker, Headmaster of Rottingdean School; she is the youngest daughter of the Rev. Rupert Strong, Vicar of Drury Lane, and Mrs. Strong, of 55, Lansdowne Road, W.11

Lenare

Mary Felton Falkner

Is the only child of Brigadier and Mrs. E. Felton Falkner, of Claverton Down, Bath, and has announced her engagement to Captain Richard J. L. Penfold, R.A., elder son of Surgeon Rear-Admiral and Mrs. E. A. Penfold, of St. Germans, Cornwall

Lenare

Dodo O'Brien Thompson

Diana Madeline O'Brien Thompson is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. O'Brien Thompson, of 72, Onslow Gardens, S.W.7, and is engaged to Rupert Rodney Francis Tress Barry, 52nd Light Infantry, Bareilly, India

West—Oppenheim

Michael Alston-Roberts-West, 43rd Light Infantry, and Christine Oppenheim were married at Holy Innocents, East Shefford, Berks. He is the son of the late Captain H. C. J. Alston-Roberts-West, and she is the daughter of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. A. Oppenheim, of East Shefford House, Newbury

Larmuth—Norris

Reginald S. A. Larmuth, son of Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Larmuth, of the Grange, Handforth, Cheshire, and Ursula Mary Norris, daughter of Captain and Mrs. A. W. Norris, of Lawrence Hall, Ham Common, were married at Ham Parish Church, Surrey

Mitchell-Henry—Arch

Louis Mitchell-Henry, only son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Lorenzo Mitchell-Henry, and Kathleen Arch, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Arch, of Keresley Grange, Coventry, were married at Holy Trinity, Brompton

Story—Osborne Williams

Captain H. H. Story, M.C., the Cameronians, son of Mrs. H. H. Story, of Gosforth, Northumberland, and Nest Osborne Williams, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Osborne Williams, of Gwentlands, Chepstow, were married at St. Mary the Virgin, Chepstow

Somerville—Gregg

Michael F. Somerville, son of Vice-Admiral and Mrs. Boyle Somerville, of Castletownshend, Co. Cork, and Barbara Gregg, younger daughter of the Archbishop of Dublin, and Mrs. Gregg, were married at St. Bartholemew's, Dublin. The bridegroom is a nephew of Miss E. O. E. Somerville, the author

Pearl Freeman

Verona Lockett

Is the only daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Jeffrey Lockett, of 21, Belgrave Square, and niece of Colonel Vivian Lockett, the polo player; she is to marry D. Parker, son of Alwyn Parker, of Foldsdown, Thursley, Surrey

Bassano

Elaine Brookes

Is the daughter of Norman Brookes, the ex-Wimbledon champion, and Mrs. Brookes, of Melbourne, Australia, and is engaged to R. F. Bessemer Clark, only son of Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Bessemer Clark, of York House, W.8

Lenare

Gwendolen Swire

Is engaged to Frederick le Haute Anderson, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Anderson, of Standen Manor, Hungerford, Berks; her parents are the Rev. Arthur and Mrs. Swire, of Dalton Holme Rectory, Beverley, Yorks

Hay Wrightson

Eleanor Vaughan Jones

Is engaged to Lieut. Peter Wadlow, R.N., only son of the late Major H. Wadlow, R.A., and Mrs. Gutsche, of Cape Town; she is the daughter of Dr. E. Vaughan Jones, of Underacre, Grey's Green, Henley-on-Thames, and the late Mrs. Vaughan Jones

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

THE THEATRE

Plays

ACCENT ON YOUTH.—A play by Samson Richardson, with Nicholas Hannen as an actor, Greer Garson as his secretary-leading lady. Moon Carroll, Mary Glynne. Globe 8.30.

CLOSE QUARTERS.—Fine acting by Flora Robson and Oscar Homolka in this two-charactered drama with a murder foundation: Savoy, 8.45. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

THE DOMINANT SEX.—Someone 's got to give way in every marriage—Diana Churchill and Richard Bird can't decide who; easy, relevant dialogue and incident make an amusing evening: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LADY PRECIOUS STREAM.—The delightful Chinese play can be seen again: Little, from September 9th.

LOVE ON THE DOLE.—A play for everyone to see—a stage microcosm of the industrial depression that is moving in its reality and humour; a brilliant performance by Wendy Hiller: Garrick, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LOVE'S LABOUR 'S LOST.—With Fay Compton, Phyllis Neilson-Terry, Balliol Holloway, John Wyse heading a good cast: Open Air Theatre, Regent's Park, 8.30. Tues, Thurs., Sat., 2.30

NOAH.—A great impersonation of Noah by John Gielgud; Marjorie Fielding is Mrs. Noah; this English version of Obey's drama has much of the profundity, humour and poetry of the original: New, 8.30. Wed., Fri., 2.30.

PYGMALION.—Second play of the Macdona Players' Shaw season, with Esmé Percy and Margaret Rawlings, and Barbara Everest and Frank Bertram as guest artists: Cambridge 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

SWEET ALOES.—Diana Wynyard's fine acting as the wronged heroine of Jay Mallory's play must be seen again: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

TOVARICH.—First-class theatrical value as to story and dialogue, and a fine cast headed by Eugénie Leontovich and Cedric Hardwicke: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

THE UNGUARDED HOUR.—Strong legal drama attacking dangers of circumstantial evidence. Fine performances by Godfrey Tearle and Malcolm Keen: Phœnix, 8.30. Thurs., Sat. 2.30

THE WIND AND THE RAIN.—Mackenzie Ward in Robert Harris's part as the young hero of this long-running story of student life in Edinburgh; Celia Johnson plays the heroine: Queen's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

YOSHE KALBE.—Maurice Schwartz and the Yiddish Art Theatre Company return to London: His Majesty's, from September 9th.

With Music

ANYTHING GOES.—You 'll like Cole Porter's music, Jeanne Aubert's shining effectiveness, Sydney Howard's fooling, and the whole speedy, decorative, amusing show: Palace, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GAY DECEIVERS.—A musical nonsense: Clifford Mollison and Charlotte Greenwood do some superb fooling; Claire Luce and Gina Malo dance and look decorative: Coliseum, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30

GLAMOROUS NIGHT.—Not for the critical sophisticate, but it 's got everything a full-size Ruritanian musical comedy can have, including Mary Ellis and Ivor Novello: Drury Lane, 8. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LOVE LAUGHS—!—Renée Houston is the shining star of this cheerful musical comedy with a film studio story; Laddie Cliff, Alan Kearns, Barbara Newberry are in it too: Hippodrome, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

REVUDEVILLE No. 64.—Milne and West give another of their absurdities. Pearl Hackney and Ivor Beddoes are in a ballet of the elements. The cast includes Geoffrey Denton, Norah Chapman, and a newcomer, Eric Barker: Windmill, 1.20—11.30 non-stop

1066 AND ALL THAT.—The most original revue in London; history burlesqued into fits of laughter; and the cast obviously enjoy themselves: Strand, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

TULIP TIME.—Twice nightly comedy with music. George Gee, Steve Geray, Jean Colin, and Sydney Fairbrother in unsophisticated humour and colourful scenes: Alhambra, 6.15 and 9. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

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Mirth and Mystery

FULL HOUSE.—Ivor Novello's farcical comedy makes some people laugh; Lilian Braithwaite carries off a foolish part with her customary brilliance: Haymarket, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

NIGHT MUST FALL.—Don't go if you 're nervous—Emlyn Williams acts the young murderer too well; there 's humour as well as horror in this excellent play: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ROUND ABOUT REGENT STREET.—A new nonsense in Crazy Month style, with Nervo and Knox, Naughton and Gold, Flanagan and Allen, and a good variety programme: Palladium, 6.30, 9. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

SOMEONE AT THE DOOR.—This mixture of farce and crime is the greatest success for a lowbrow evening; Henry Kendall and Nancy O'Neil are in it: Comedy 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

THE TWO MRS. CARROLLS.—It 's a well-acted play about a wife-poisoner—Leslie Banks; Louise Hampton, Elena Miramova, and Joan Maude as wives past, present, to come: St. Martin's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

VINTAGE WINE.—Seymour Hicks has revived this comedy; Julia Neilson and Ursula Jeans are in it, too: Victoria Palace, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Harrison and Fisher

Ruth Harrison and Alex Fisher are the clever American dancers appearing at the Palladium; their "Trainer and Panther" dance is worth seeing

First Nights

STOP . . . GO!—The new Charlot revue has Douglas Byng, Mary Bryan, Dorothy Ward in it: Vaudeville to-night.

AS BAD AS I AM.—A farcical comedy with a society setting. Pamela Stanley and Jack Hobbs as the heroine and hero: Ambassadors, September 5th.

CINEMAS

BOYS WILL BE BOYS.—Will Hay and his "Narkover" boys have moved here. Also AIR HAWKS, in which Wiley Post appears, with Ralph Bellamy and Tala Birell: Capitol.

THE CRUSADES.—Spectacularly superb, historically absurd; this de Mille production is good screen value, and Herbert Wilcoxon, Loretta Young, Ian Keith and Katherine de Mille all look their parts: Carlton.

DOOD WATER.—A Dutch talking picture, with fine pictures of the fishermen turned farmers who live by the Zuyder Zee: Academy.

EVERY NIGHT AT EIGHT.—A musical, with a story about mint-julep, radio, and a yacht, and with George Raft and Alice Faye as stars: Plaza.

FALSE FACES.—A gangster story, fast-moving and packed with thrills that give ample acting scope to Richard Arlen, Alice Brady, Virginia Bruce, and Bruce Cabot: London Pavilion

LITTLE COLONEL.—Little Shirley Temple has a granddaughter rôle this time, with Lionel Barrymore as her crusty, soft-hearted grandfather: Regal.

MAN OF ARAN.—The epic film with the wonderful sea pictures is worth seeing again: Curzon.

ME AND MARLBOROUGH.—Cicely Courtneidge goes masquerading as a soldier, with Tom Walls, Ivor McLaren, Barry Mackay as supporters: New Gallery.

ON WINGS OF SONG.—Grace Moore's second film has lots of singing, some story and good acting; Leo Carillo, Robert Allen and Michael Bartlett, the tenor, are her three squires: Tivoli.

PEG OF OLD DRURY.—Anna Neagle as Peg Woffington, and Cedric Hardwicke as Garrick, both act brilliantly; the production and setting are excellent; a film to see: Leicester Square.

PURSUIT.—Chester Morris and Sally Eilers are the stars of this drama: Empire.

THE THIRTY-NINE STEPS.—John Buchan's thriller (stars—Robert Donat and Madeleine Carroll; director—Alfred Hitchcock) is now at the Marble Arch Pavilion.

MUSIC

PROMENADE CONCERTS.—Sir Henry Wood conducting the B.B.C. Orchestra: Queen's Hall, 8.

TO-NIGHT: Brahms concert, including the Second Symphony and Piano Concerto No. 1 (Solomon).

SEPTEMBER 5TH: Mixed programme, including Vaughan Williams' Suite for Viola and Orchestra (Lionel Tertis), and Elgar's Symphony No. 1.

SEPTEMBER 6TH: Beethoven concert includes the Fourth Symphony, Piano Concerto No. 3 (Edwin Erdmann), Two Romances for Violin and Orchestra (Arthur Catterall).

SEPTEMBER 7TH: Saturday programme; Strauss's "Don Juan," Grieg, Lalo, Handel, Liszt; Reine Chemet as violinist, Dora Labbette and Roy Henderson as singers.

SEPTEMBER 9TH: Wagner Concert, with May Blyth, Francis Russell, Arthur Fear.

SEPTEMBER 10TH: Liszt concert, including Piano Concerto No. 1 (Moiseiwitch), Symphonic Poem, "Orpheus," and the "Faust" Symphony. With Eric Greene and the B.B.C. Men's Chorus.

EXHIBITIONS

INDUSTRIAL PHOTOGRAPHY: Royal Institute Galleries, Piccadilly.

NATIONAL DAHLIA SOCIETY: Horticultural Hall, September 3rd-4th.

LONDON GARDENS SOCIETY.—Showing summer flowers, photography, and a film: Horticultural Hall, September 6th-7th.

ALPINE GARDEN SHOW: Horticultural Hall, September 10th

SUMMER EXHIBITION OF OILS AND WATER-COLOURS.—John, Nash, Gill, Sickert, etc.: Redfern Gallery, Old Bond Street.

PAINTINGS BY BRITISH AND FRENCH ARTISTS.—Lefevre Galleries, King Street, St. James's.

SPORT

GOLF.—*News of the World* £1250 Tournament: Richmond, Surrey, September 10th-13th.

GIRLS OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP: Stoke Poges, September 4th-6th.

TENNIS.—Junior Lawn Tennis Championships: Wimbledon, September 9th-14th.

FLYING.—King's Cup Air Race round England, Scotland, Northern Ireland and Wales: September 6th-7th.

RACING.—Doncaster St. Leger Meeting: September 10th-13th.

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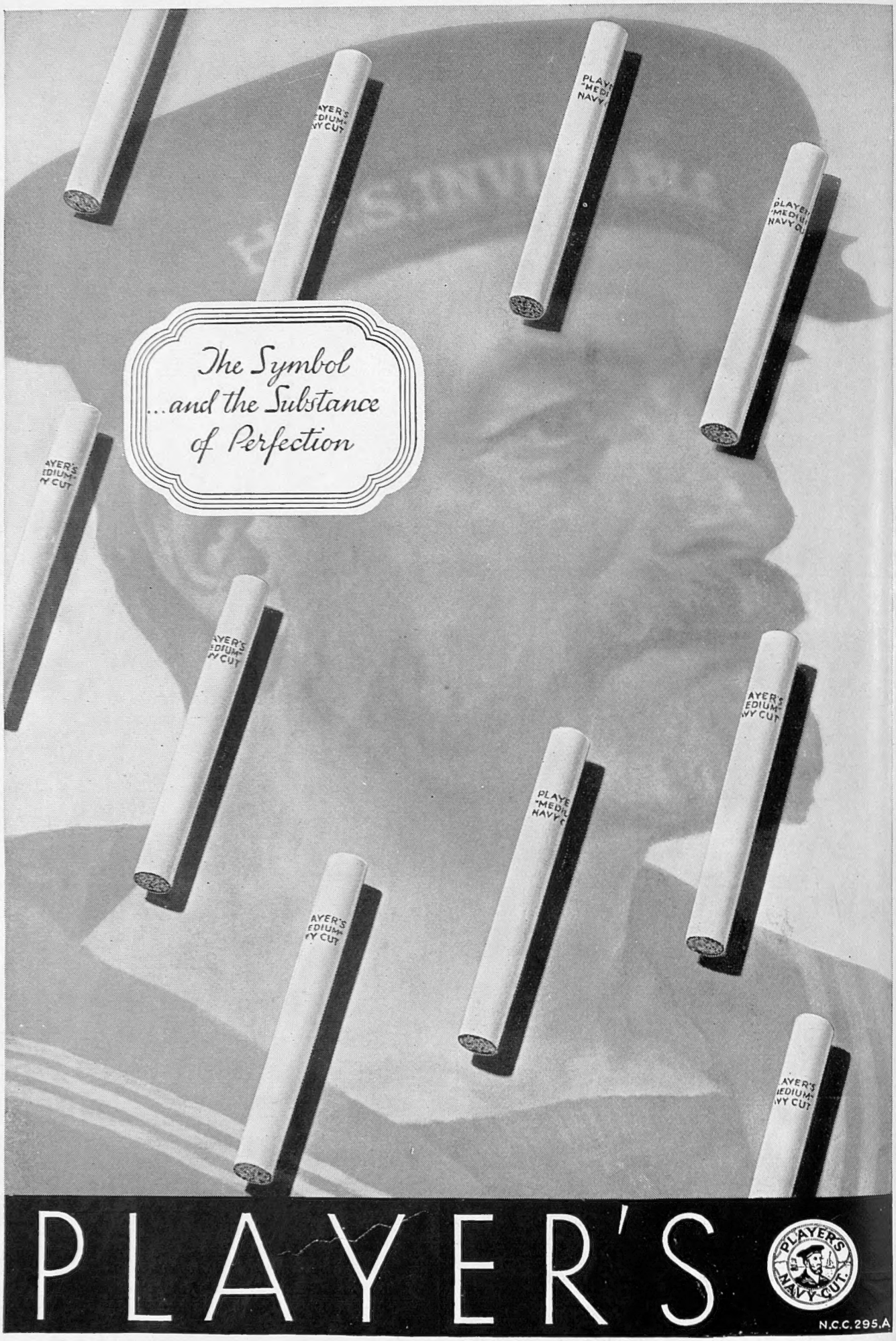
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"A LITTLE SATISFACTION": *by W. H. Williamson.*
"BOOM . . . ?": *by C. Patrick Thompson.*
"ONE—NOT TWO": *by Achmed Abdullah.*
"FUN": *by May Edginton.*
"WHY NOT?": *by H. T. W. Bousfield.*
FOR BLONDES—AND OTHERS. *Jean Harlow talks about Clothes.*
"THE IDEAL HE": *by George Froxfield.*
THE SECOND INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION: *by Joan Woollcombe.*
"BOO-ED TO FORTUNE": *by Hannen Swaffer.*
"THE SALMON": *by R. P. Russ.*
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NEW DECORATIONS FOR YOUR WINDOWS.
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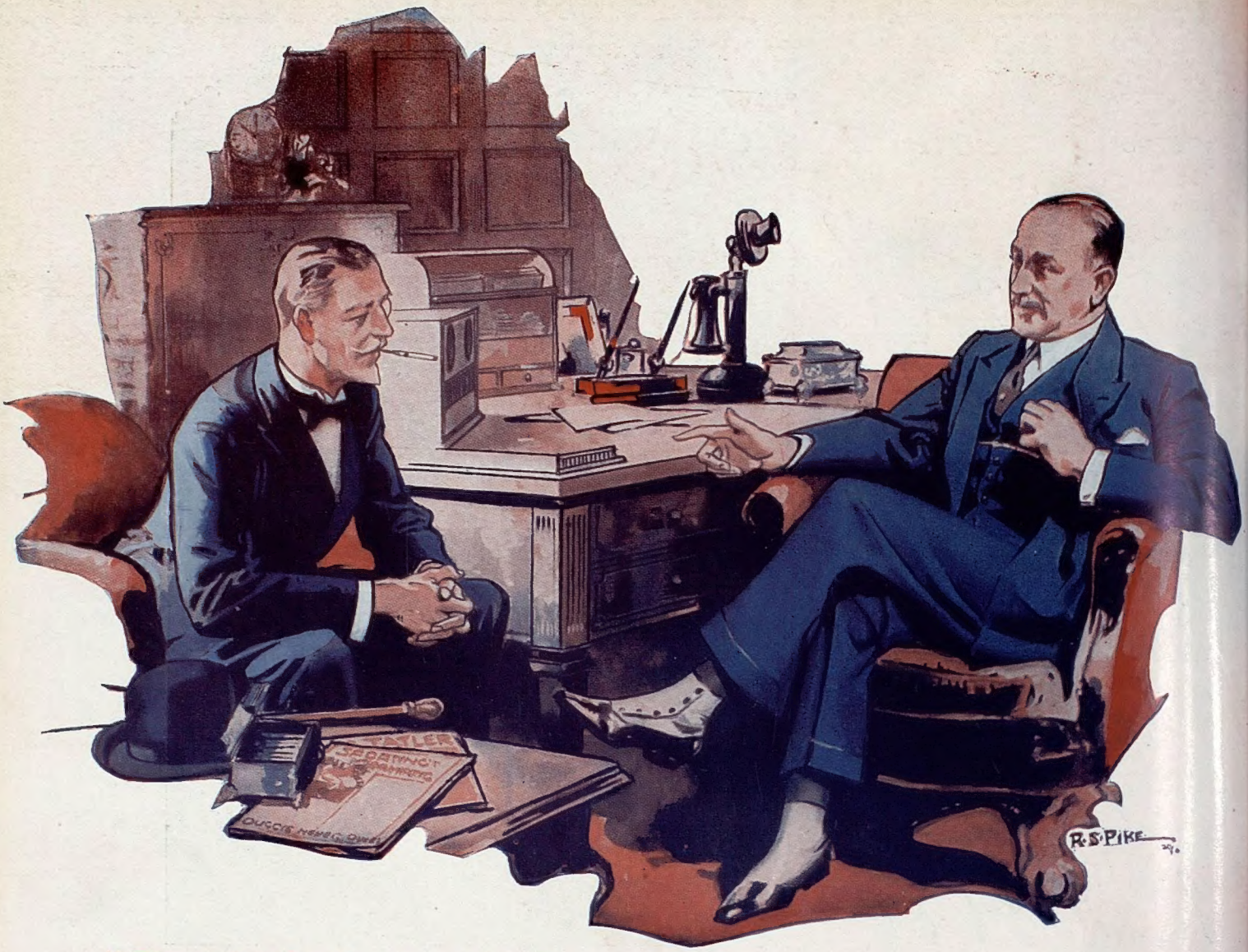

"Duggie" explains—

"A little detective work"

Sir Edward : "I have just called, Stuart, to express my thanks and appreciation of the manner in which you dealt with an unsigned wire I sent you last week."

Duggie : "I deal with so many telegrams, Sir Edward, that I can't recall it at the moment. What was the bet ?"

Sir Edward : "Well, I sent you a wire investing £100 each way on *Ada Dear* at Lingfield, and foolishly omitted to sign it. Your Manager rang up my Secretary and, fortunately for me, was able to confirm it before the race. But how could you tell that it might have been mine ?"

Duggie : "Ah, I remember it perfectly now. The wire was handed in at Rugby. That gave me the clue."

Sir Edward : "But I don't live at Rugby, Stuart. I still can't imagine how you found me out."

Duggie : "Well, Sir Edward, I recollected that you had previously backed *Ada Dear* on two occasions when she had won, both the telegrams coming from Rugby. I also recollected your introducing me to a very charming young lady whose home is at Rugby and I took the liberty of suspecting that the lady's name might conceivably have influenced you in selecting the horse."

Sir Edward : "You refer to Lady Ada . . . . . ."

Duggie : "I do, but I hope I'm forgiven for my presumption ? We are always pleased when we can trace the origin of an unsigned telegram."

Sir Edward : "Good. But for your sagacity, Stuart, I might have missed winning over £200, and Lady Ada will be very amused when I tell her about this story of *Ada Dear*, and agree with me that it's fortunate the bet was with you."

"Duggie Explains" series are based on actual conversations held with clients, but names used are entirely fictitious.

"Duggie" is Waiting to Open an Account with You

Douglas Stuart

Ltd.

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